The Meroure of an Chriſtiane, compoſed, and drawn forthe of holy Scriptures: by Robert Norvell, man of armes, during the tyme of his captiuitie at Paris in the Baſtille, for the teſtimonie of our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt.

Luke 9.
No man that putteth his hand to the plough.
and loketh backe, is apte to the kingdome of God,

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Cum priuilegio.

1561.

Sa Chalmers.

The prologue to my lord,
my lord Erle of Argile.

ROULING in minde, the miſerable eſtait:
Of mortall men, and infortunitie,
The heuy laubour, trauell and debait,
Amixt to theme, frome their natiuitie,
Spairing no man, of hie nor lowe degre,
I fand nothing, moir trewlie of to treait:
Than proue man ſubiect, vnto miſerie.

Yet ſeing that, the worldlie fooliſhe men,
Can not parſaiue, this ſentence to be ſure,
I thought it good, for to prepair my pen:
This to diſcriue, with all my buſy cure,
Of ſapience: all thoght I be impure,
Yet know I well, that God will grace him len:
That callis on him, with confidence moſt ſure.

Vpon non other, therefore wil I cry:
But onlie, on that Lord celeſtiall,
Thoght poetis vſed, in there poetry:
On many ſindry, goddeſſes to call,
How far frome wiſdome, did thoſe foles fall,
On ſuch a wiſe: their pennis to applie,
Where help was none, for to be had at all.

The Prologue.

O Lord herefore, that made the earth and ſie,
The Sunne, the Moone, the heauen: & firmamēt,
All fiſhe: and foule, beaſt, herbe and growing trie,
The ſtarres, rainebow, aire and eliment,
O thou that knoweſt, my minde & whole intent,
Aſſiſt me: with thy Spirit of veritie:
To dite, and write, my purpoſe ſubſequent.

It is an Myrrour, Lord I muſe to make:
Wherein all Chriſtians, may beholde and ſie,
Their ſinfull liues, they leid with ſhame and lake,
In to this worlde, and vaill of miſerie,
It is an glaſſe that payntes out ſpeciallie,
The ſharpe threatninges, the Law did on vs take,
Declaring, if we ſinned we ſhulde die.

And how that Adam: our progenitour,
In Paradice did breck the Lordes command,
Heir may thou (gentle reader) any hour:
That cairfull caice, perfytelie vnderſtand,
His enemies all, that held Adam in band,
And how that Chriſt, became his Sauiour
And made vs frie: whom he in bondage fand.

The ſecond part: declares to the plaine,
Of the poore ſinner, an confeſſione,
How he hathe ſpent: his life and tyme in vaine,
And how he doeth lamēt, his great trāſgreſſione,
Which he hathe vſed, a contraire his profeſſione:
And how that Chriſt, our Lord and ſoueraine:
Hathe ſaued him, his ſede, and his ſucceſſione.

And laſt of all, here ſhortlie ſhalt thou ſee:
How that all they, that wold be named conding,
Muſt ſuffer truble, and aduerſitie,
As did oure heauenlie Maiſter, Lord and King:
And all his Prophetes, frome the beginning,
Were perſecute, and ſuffred patientlie,
As we muſte do, if we with Chriſt wold ring.

And when I had, this volume fabricat:
And put in rime, in rude and rurall ſtile,
With hart, and hand I did it dedicat,
To you my Lord, then maiſter of Argile,
Thogh frome your preſence, I was many mile:
Yet hearing of your honour auriat,
Bent to Goddis word, I did the ſame compile.

And thogh it be, of eloquence denude,
It is no wondir, for when this worke I wroght:
As I do yet, then ſmall I vnderſtude,
Of bookes nor autours, to ſtudie had I noght,
Which vnto knowledge, of Scripture ſhould me broght,
For preſoner, I was then to conclude:
In the Baſtillie, where ſuch could not be boght.

Foure yeres in priſon, they held me their expreſſe,
Foure monethes, and foure wekes als certaine,
Foure dayes, foure houres, in nombre and no leſſe,
I did into the Baſtillie remaine:
For Goddes word, as it is knowen plaine,
And for no lawes, that I had done tranſgreſſe,
Nether to God, nor to my ſoueraine.

Heirfor thoght it ſmell not of Rethorie,
But is of language, and cadence, cleine confuſit,
All gentle readers, I pray you hartfullie:
To holde me partlie, in ſume caiſe excuſit.
Seing I was then, in preſone incluſit,
Where I might no wiſe, vſe my libertie,
Thoght ſume diſprayſe it: I couet none to ruſeit.

Non eſt mortale quod opto.

☞ The Myroure of ane Chriſtiane, Compoſid, and drawn fourth of the Scriptures, by Robert Noruell, man of armis, of my lord of Arrans company, during the tyme of his captiuitie at Paris in the Baſtillie, for the teſtimonie of our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt.

(.˙.)

THRE Inimies, had Adam principall, 2.Cor.3.
That maid him ſclaue, to theme after his fall. Rom. 3. Psal.14. 1.Cor.15
The law was one, that did to rigour leid,
The nixt was ſinne, and the thrid ſo was deid,
The law by right did ruell, and was his guide:
But ſin right ſone, their vndir did him hide.
  Firſt vndir law, ſinne fand occaſione:
To ſhawe him ſelfe, then gaue poſſeſſione, 1.Cor.15
To Satan, as the law beareth witnes.
After that Adam, knew the will expreſſe,
Of God, then Satan raging gan to ſpring,
To tempt mannes fleſhe, and theirin to ring:
Where he maid it thrall, to theſe fois thre, Osee.13.
Of ſinne, the law and deathes extremite. Rom.7.
  The Law to man, did Seriouſlie command: Heb. 12.
To obey God, the fleſhe did it withſtand, Gal.3.
Becauſe it could not, all the Law fulfill: 1.Cor.15
Maid place to ſinne, and leit him work his will.

So ſinne to death, made paſſage by his might,
Then death began to regne, and was moſt wight,
Rom. 5. Thoſe thre did ſone, their high power perſaue:
Heb. 12. Their great impire, and puiſſance they did haue.
Exod. 19. Apon an day, their loude trompettes did blaw,
On an high rock, ſinne down to vs did ſhaw.
Ephe. 2. The ſharpe decretes, and lawes moſt auſtear.
With ſore threatninges, right horrible to hear,
In wildirnes, which barranne was of frute:
Of herbe or graſſe, it was clene deſtitute,
Exod. 19. Men loſt their tyme, to laubour or manure,
All was but ſtony rockes, and haddry mure,
Without moiſtnes, as do oure fathers tell:
Replete with dragons, and with ſerpents fell.
This mounte was named, in Hebrew Sinay,
And called Agar, in Arrabic I ſay:
With fearful rockes, ſo hie was neuer ſene, (clene:
With miſtie clowdes, whoſe toppes was couerd
His widdered head, bald, brntie black and baire,
Whoſe hiddious hight, was moutid in the aire.
So that few durſt approche, or yet cum nere:
That uglie mont, for terrour and for fere.
On that mont fand the Law a propre place:
For till diſcloſe, and ſhaw her rigorous face.
In middes of that mont, an ſeat was wroght,
Right riche and lucent, where their lacked noght,
Exod. 19 All rounde a bout that face, an fyre did flow:
That keſt huge lyght, with fyre and birning low,
Like as the hole mont, wold conſume and burne:
They thoght ſuddanly, it wold in puldir turne.

One ſuch an wiſe men thoght,that fyre ardent, Deut.4.
wold burne the heauen,the earth,and firmament,
Which ſignified,an great puiſſance amoued,
With yre,and wroth,where al ſhould be reproued:
Such fume,with darknes,& fyre proceding bold
Aſtoniſt all,the folk did it behold.
  Aboue this fyre,an ouglie cloude aſtayed,
Whoſe heauy hew,all regions made affrayed:
None other wayes, theſe vapours did appere:
Nor when the ſonne,is moſt ſerene and clere,
As when before,the thundre cummis one blot,
Likewiſe abode,this blacke and heauie ſpot.
with ſad and heauy wombe,withouten mirth,
All readie to bring furth,and beir ane birth.
Which ſignified,to euery wight certaine:
God readie to diſtroye,the fleſhe humane. Gen.6.
  The golden bow,was not ſene readie bent:
Nor yet his purpour,coullours conſequent,
That God him ſelfe, of his benignitie,
Gaue in token,and gage,to ſignifie:
By his deuine,and royall ordinance,
That he by floudes,nor waters aboundance,
No more againe,the world he wold deſtroye:
Which leag of loue,he made to father Noye.
  And ſindry tymes,yet we may ſee our ſell, Gen.9.
How that a cloude,beginnes to grow and ſwell,
By Goddes might,to molifie the grounde,
Humeditie makes fruites till abounde.
  Great differēce is,betuix theſe Cloudes twane,
The one betokneth grace,the other pane.
With fyreſlaughtis,rumbling and ſterilitie, Exod.19.

With thundering, roring and calamitie.
In middes of this cloude prodigious,
There ſat the Lawe, both bolde and rigorous:
Rom.5, With ſad and heauie, dolorous decreit,
Col.2. To vex and noye, of man the fleſh and ſpreit.
O heauie ſentence which we can not withſtand,
Who ſhall vs put, forthe of thy yoke and band?
O hard and cruell, art thou all to giddir,
Ephe.2. O iudgement ſharpe, and fearfull to conſiddir:
Deut.11, 27, & 28. Saying that mercie, ought not to be ſhawn,
Leuit.2. To them that is, with ſinne infect and known.
Decerning vs all, wicked and forlorne,
That is of ſinfull ſede, conſauit and borne.
Deut.19 & 27. All man is curſt, was writtin there intill,
Which did not hole the lawes charge fulfill,
Who then neglectis, they ſhall without remead:
Condamned be, to ſuffre double dead,
Curſt be his hous, frute, corne and beſtiall,
That doeth not kepe, theſe lawes & preceptes all.
Deut.4, & 5. O Iſrael, conſiddir conſequent?
The lawes of God, in this his parliament,
Exod.3, & 4. I am ſaith he, an God right Ielous,
Deut.11, That doeth beholde, your leuing vitious,
27, & 28. On you ſhall byde, my indignatione:
Leuit.2. Vpon your ſede, and generatione.
I am the God, that ſearches thy offence,
I ſend both hunger, derth and peſtilence:
I moue ſtronge warres, & cruell battalles ſaire,
I kill, I ſlaye, I venge both layt and aire.
He ſaith not heir, he wold thy father be,
To draw the forthe of wo and miſerie,

He ſaid not heir, thy ſinne I wype awaye,
But with great boſt, and threatning the did fraye:
His mightie thōdring voyce, whē thou did heire, Exo.19, & 20.
Then prayed thou, for terrour dread and feire,
He wold not ſpeak, but with thy trew cōductour:
Whom he prepaired, to be thy iuſte inſtructour.
His awfull ſight, did Moyſes ſore moleſt:
Yet had not bene, his hindir parte celeſt,
Where he perſauit, the humble ſueit viſage,
Of Goddes Sonne, and the perfite image,
For verraye feare, he had died in that place:
No man on liue, might looke him in the face.
O poore Adam: who haith the baſtard wroght? Exod.33
Why fled thou him: that haith made the of noght?
Who haith the made: ſo vyle and ſo ſawaige:
To flie thy makers voyce, and his langaige.
Who made the ſo? but ſinne that reft thy force,
Diſherciſt the, then ſhew thy naked corce.
And ſine when thou: was made of bliſſe al bare;
Thou wold not grant, thy fault nor it declare, Gen.3.
But thou durſt ſtyflie, by one carnall way:
Excuſe thy fault, and to the Lord did ſay,
The woman that thou made, marrow vnto me,
She gart me eat, the aple of the tre.
Then ſone after, of ſinne thou felt the price:
Yet weyed thou not, the burden of thy vice.
Becauſe that ſinne, was firſt by the committed: Gen.3.
All thy hole raice; with yͤ ſame ſmot was ſmitted, Eccleſi. 25.
Before the Law, that ſinne was not expreſt, Rom. 5.
But the Law made it: plane and manifeſt. 17.
As birning cooles, vndir the aſhes raiked,

In fyre do ſlepe, yet when they ar awaked:
To their owne nature, they incline full right,
Gadering their heat, with flābe they ſhaw ẏ light.
Rom.5, Likewiſe before the Law, ſinne laye as dead,
& 7. And had no ſtrength, to riſe nor lift his head,
Oſee 13. But when the Law: with might and force began,
Rom.7. Then ſinne vpſtart, and he inuadid man,
Heb.2. When he had wone: the battail and the pryſe,
1.Cor.15 He led man as him liſt, at his deuiſe.
And made him thrall, to all iniquitie:
And made him bair, of bleſſe and dignitie.
Broght him in bōdaige, wher he before was frāck:
For water of life, her filthie dubbis dranck:
Gen.3. For odoriferant aire, and frutes gude:
He gat but cankered miſt, and ſcrabs rude:
For conſtant conſcience, and tranquilitie:
2.Eſd.7 An trubled ſprete, ful of fragillitie:
Exod.5, This ſinne, I may compare to Pharo fell:
6,7,8,9, That neuer wold, permit to Iſrael:
10,& 11. To part nor pas, furth of that painfull place:
To honour God, nor thank him of his grace.
Sinne that tyrane, to augment their wo:
As ſleughound tryed: their traces to and fro,
Apoc.12. Following the footſteps, of the Law ſo nere:
Then ſubtell Satan, ſweftlie can appere:
Sap.2. Them to accuſe, with viſage ful of ſcorne,
Was neuer ſene, an monſter ſo deforme:
His vglie eine howe holked in his hede:
Was like to fyrebrandes, in an furnes rede:
Apoc.20 Ane ſtinking breathe, furth of his breaſt ran out,
His tongue the gaullis of dragons furth did ſpout:

His monſtrous mouth,that many had oppreſt,
Of hydra all the vennom:forthe it keſt,
His filthie fingers foull were fabricat:
With blood of men,they were ouerſpred and wat,
Stryfe,debait,blaſphemie and occiſione:
With torment ire:wrothe and deriſione,
Inuy pride, furor:and ſuche an wicked meinȝe:
War of his court,all vnder an handſeinȝe.
That he might better,his propoſe fulfill, Apoc.6.
Ire frome aboue,did giue him ſtrength at will:
And ſo perſauing his force,great ſtrength & might,
Then he began,to tempt all kinde of wight. Iob 1,1.4
There he red forthe,an ſtorie lamentable,
Saying I Satan,gart man hold as fable: Apoc.20
The worde of God,and cauſed him neglect,
His firſt command,and hold of none effect.
There was remembred,the tre of ſapience, Gen.2,3
With heauy thoghtes,and grudge of conſcience.
There was how Adam,interpriſed to be, Eſaie 3.
Equall with God:his Lord in all degre:
And how that he forſuke,the word deuine,
And for his luſt,to Satan did incline.
There was alſo,marked manifeſtlie:
Fraude and diſſait,proceding gre by grie:
with all abuſes,forfaltes and offence:
That man committis,of will or negligence.
How ſinne toke roote,in mannis nature humaine Rom. 3.
Is clearlie ſene,and how it dois remaine,
And how fooliſhe:and ignairs war abuſed,
That thoght throw ignorance,to be excuſed: 1.Corin.
A man that is,accuſed of an crime, 14.

Rom.7. And wold defend his cauſe,ſhulde he take ſyne,
For aduocat,and principal procuratour:
His accuſars companion,day and hour,
Sir Johne ignorance,is domeſticall:
To thy fo,no officer infernall
2.Cor.4 That haith their maiſter,moir ſeruit nor he
Dar thou take ſuche an man of Law for the,
Their neuer was man, that to him creddit gaue:
But he loſt their cauſe , & did theme cleine diſſaue.
Their is no ſuch fo,to that word deuine,
1.Corin. As ignorance,that leadis man to ruine.
14. Under whoſe winges,as an bie byke or hyue,
Is bred all vice:in any man on liue,
As Paull doeth write,if thou thy ſelfe abuſe:
Think not thy dotage,ſhall thy ſelfe excuſe.
Seing ignorance,many haith deuoird,
Who dotis at length,with daffing ſhall be ſmoird.
Who will not ioine them ſelues,to diſcipline,
But ſtil from knowledge, & wiſdome wil decline,
Rom.2. Without the Law:and be with vice inflammid,
Without the Law,ſo ſhall they be condemnid.
Their is ſome others,wold an folie found,
Rom.8. Becauſe the fleſhe,doeth in it ſelfe abound:
And of it ſelfe,from ſinne can not abſtene,
Thoſe ignorantes,without reaſone maintene,
How all that lieth not:in our fre will,
3.Reg.8 Shulde not to vs,be holdin vice nor ill.
As who wolde ſay,that God his creatoure:
Esa.54. Wroght wronge to puniſhe,the will of nature.
Hearken and heir,an lyke ſimilitude,
Prouer. 21. If in an harbere,among floures goode,'

Sprang bryeres or weides,of filth or bittirneſſe:
Shulde men them pluck, or lat them ſtill increſſe?
By this reaſon,we ſhulde thole euery where,
The wolfe the fox,the wod and bouſteous bere,
To kill:all kinde of tender beſtiall,
And lat all vermine,work their naturall. Gal.5.
Thus when yᵗ the fleſhe,doeth in ſuch errour raue,
It fredome ſeketh,and wolde all pleaſures haue.
The nature of the fleſhe,doeth ſtill delite: Deut.18
To eaſe the ſelfe,and blame the holie write,
And wolde it wreiſt,vnto an carnal ſence: Eſa.3.
Whoſe reaſones oft are turned to offence,
Good intentes,without charitie and faith, Zacha.1,
Prouokes oftymes,Goddes yre and wraith.
Silence to all men,is conuenient; Rom. 3,
And not but why,nor wherefore to inuent & 9.
Oght of our ſelues:that can no good conſidder,
Seing,that it haith pleaſed him to conſidder,
The ſinnes of Adam:vpon all his raice, Eſa.43.
Is no remeid,but call on him for grace.
Then after ſinne,come death right doutable, Sap,2.
With birning brimſtone:and oyles horrible,
That no man might behold, for ſincke and ſtinke,
On Adam ran and ſaid:as I do thinke,
Sen thou and all thy raice,haith done rebell.:
I ſhall the with thy ſeid,ſend down to hell. Apoc.6.
Thus death in his right hand,one coupe he bair:
Full of curſing,of ſorow wo and cair:
With hard,and feirſull execrationes:
And with peſtiferent inflammationes, Death
For the deſires of death,and his intent: for Satan.

He dreſt him ſprinkle, his poiſons peſtilent,
On Jewe on Greke, or other nation.
Idem. But where as fell, that indignation,
In haiſt they ware, excited to appeir,
Where they with tormentes, terrours & with feir:
Apoc. 20 With double dolour, and with wo tyrannicall,
They harled ware, to the paines infernall.
O poore Adam, take head and now beholde,
How thy owne ſelfe, hathe the wedſett and ſolde:
Rom 6. Under that hard: and terrible tutoure
Before the was ſet fyre and water pure,
Thou had fre will, to chuſe in to that ſtead,
But thou refuſed life, and choſed dead:
Rom. 6. Thou choſed thy fo, for aye ouer the to ring,
That fellone fo was ouer the, bothe Lord & King,
To ſerue him as an ſclaue, did the compell:
And for rewarde, no promiſſe gat but hell.
Take head, of theſe thy foes and conſidder,
How they haue ſworne, thy death all thre to gid:
All thoght a foir, the wordles fundatione, (der.
Ephe. 1. Before the coupe, of indignatione,
Before the Sunne the Moone, or element,
1. Pet. 1. God the Father, that is omnipotent,
Diſpoſed and wroght, thinges all and ſome:
As they haue bene: and as they are to come.
Apoc. 5. Yet to him ſelfe, the Lord he hathe reſerued,
Ephe. 1. In certaine choſin: whom he will haue preſerued.
For to remaine with him, in endles glore,
Rom. 9. Where others ſhall thole paine, for euermore.
His elect people with grace, ſhall be poſſeſt,
where the reprobat: neuer ſhall haue reſt,

In hell,according to his iuſt iudgement, Apoc.20
With weping gnaſhing,and with ſoir torment.
Thogh we our ſelues,can not this reaſone ſe, Heb.2.
Yet muſt we nedes beleue,it ſo to be,
Saying alſo,o maker of heauen and land, Rom.11.
Who can or may,thy riches vnderſtand:
How heigh,how deipe:and how inſcrutable
Are thy hid ſecrettes incomprehenſable.
For thou haſt thyne elect predeſtinat, Ephe.1.
With all thy treaſures,to be obúmbrat,
Frome all diſſaitfull,doctrine malignant, Rom. 8.
Ioyning them,to thy trew Churche melitant,
That hathe not vainlie , taine thy talentes ſweit:
But haue broght forthe , the frutes of the Spreit.
They are thy choſin:by vocatione,
But not with rigour,or with violatione,
Thou haſt not ſuffred:them to be infect,
Nor yet to death,nor hell to be ſubiect.
But haſt preſerued:an nombre clene ouer all 3.Reg.
That haue not bowed,their bodies vnto Baall· 19.
To them was made,the promeſſe infallable:
Of Chriſt,with miracles ineſtimable.
To ſaue them all,from reprehenſione,
And did decreit,In his intentione: Rom.4,
To cleith them newe,with iudgement and iuſtice 8,11,& 12
I meane with faith,their mother and nurice,
Syne with mercifull eyne,on them did call,
With ardent loue,and petie paternall, Act.2.
And where they war before,with Satan ſolde,
For to fulfill his promeſſe then he wolde,
Send down his holie word,in earth vs till, Gal.4.

Joh.1. And with his word, the promeſſe did fulfill.
And then commanded, to make manifeſt,
Mat.16. Where their ſhuld be, conuened from eaſt to weſt,
Of all nationes an Churche catholicall:
Col.3. To prayſe and loue, Goddes Name perpetuall.
And wolde alſo, that the eterne purpoſe,
Of the great ſabbothe and the great repoſe,
Heb.2.& 10. Shulde be confirmed, for an Teſtament,
Col.1,2. Abyding the ranſome, and the digne payment,
Of the lambes oblation, for them all:
And wolde, that the burdenes tyranicall,
Ephe.2. The decrettes: of the lawes banniſhing,
Shulde die in them ſelfe, with all manaſhing:
Pſal.110. And wold that the enemies, all and ſome,
Shulde be diſtroyed, vincuſt, and ouercome.
Forthe of the power, that they did obteine,
And wolde all thinges, ſhulde be pure and cleine,
Act.5. All Prophecies, to be fulfilled ſyne:
Before the comming, of his word deuyne,
Heb.10. This heauenlie word, alwaye victorious,
Bothe ſtrong wight, permanent and glorious,
Apoc.6. By whiche the worlde, and the heauens all,
Gen.1. Toke their beginning, and originall.
This word cled with fleſh, made him readie than:
Joh.1 To feght for loue, and libertie of man.
Apoc.19. Aganes Sinne death and Satan alſo,
That parſecute mankinde, withoutten ho,
Iſa.2.6. Phil.2. He wold of his goodnes, vnder infirmitie,
Hyde the greate power, of his diuinitie:
Becauſe that he was humble, ouer all whair
Mat.1. His glorious fo, feared him the mair.

For

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For our ſakes come:that captayne expart, Pſal. 45
That God did cheiſe,after his very hart, Ioh. 17.
To gyde his people,and be gouernour,
With curage came,this hardie conquerour: Ioh.1.
Cled with our fleſhe,infirme ſyne manfulle,
He faught with fors,againes our foes thre. Heb.2.
Theſe enemies,about him round arrayed,
Satan to tempt him,haiſtelie aſſayed: 4.
In their aſſaultes,thy war alſo aſſailled,
All thre ouercome;their puiſſance not a vailled.
Syne death his dart,at him threw in that ſtoūd, Apoc.20
But his dart,him ſelfe wroght ye greitteſt woūd,
Death thinking on him to winne an aduantage,
In to that battaill, loſt bothe ſtrength & curaige: Heb.2.
So our victorious capitayne,thus he chyſed,
And thogh it beſt,till lat him ſelf be ſeſed. Oſee 13.
In dying ſo he raiſed,his fors agane,
To deathes preiudice,and meikle pane,
Death thou art dead,for all thy ſtrength & might:
Thou art no more,now vailleand nor wight, 1.Cor.15
Where is thy aufull dart and widdert torce?
Where is become,thy power and thy force?
Where is become,thy puiſſance and thy glorie?
Death where is thy ſting?hell thy victorie.
O Lord of lordes,thou by thy might and ſtrēgth,
Haſt done fulfill,to vs thy folke at length,
Thy holie promeſſe:from the altitude, Heb.2.
Saying by the Sprite,of thy Prophete gude: Rom.5.
O death with death, when thou ſhall gar me de,
My death,ſhall be thy death:and vinques the, Oſee 13.
O hart of man,thogh thou war addamant,

Heb. 2. Graue in thy ſelf, with an harde diamant,
How Chriſts dead, hathe death ouercome & ſmord,
Ephe. 2. And how his death to lyfe, hathe the reſtord,
Col. 2, 3. His death hathe done: the Fathers furie ſloken,
And the ſoore ſentence: of the law haithe broken,
The olde tribute of ſinne, he did withdraw,
And haithe ẏ dragons kingdome, broght ful Law.
Heb. 10. Now Sion, ſyng with voice melodious,
Syng on bothe Pſalmes: and hymnes glorious.
Apoc. 7. How Chriſt brak thy bondes, and made the frie,
Frome Satans ſeruitude, and tyrannie.
Prayſe thou the Lord, for thy deliuerance,
1. Cor. 2. And loife the lambe, for his newe alliance,
Magnifie him, for now and euer more.
To Chriſt, giue onelie honour prayſe and glore,
That hathe ſo loued the, that for thy ſaik,
Hathe all thy foes, ſubdewed at one ſtraik.
This conqueroure, in ſtile heroicall,
Isay. 43 Spak as hauing: the charge celeſtiall
Sen I am come, I haue power compleit:
To breke the olde, and make an newe decreit,
2. Cor. 5. And firſt of all to death, he drewe him neir:
And ſaid theſe wordes, as ye ſhall after heir.
Death, diſtroier of man and peſt capitall,
Gen. 4. That vnder one, wolde gouerne all equall.
Rom. 5. Send downe: to the infernall pitt palude:
Of hell obſcure, againſt the I conclude,
1. Cor. 11. My newe decreit, and law that neuer was,
Neglect them not: for by them muſt thou pas,
Eccleſi. Take head (o death) note well and vnderſtand:
41. That in my fathers name, I the command:

When thou ſhall call,my choſin and elect,
Yet haue to them,an dulce and ſweit reſpect.
I charge the,when thy face thou ſhal them ſhaw:
To fraye them not, nor boſt them with the Law,
And when thou doeſt thy ſelf,to them preſent: Rom.8.
Lead not with the, Satan nor his conuent:
Nether temptation,hell nor yet diſpair,
Remorſe nor ſouſſy:thoght nor euil affair.
I command the,lat not to theme appeir:
Sadnes nor wo,dule,dredour dread nor feir,
Hell nor his torments,ſhall no wayes be prepaird:
Nor no damnation,ſhall be one them declaird, Idem.
To my elect,that on me will beleue:
Thow ſhall not haue,no puiſſance them to greue.
Sen that my choſen,with peace and patience,
Confides in me,I ſhall be their defence, Ioh. 17.
With boſting of the Law,come thou no more: Gal.3, &
With Goddes wraith,as thou was wont before. 4.
Come not with doloures,nor with afflictions,
Come lowinglie,with benedictions. Pſal. 19.
Come as my ſeruand,and portar ſpeciall
Come as my poſt,and ſueitlie on them call, Ioh.5.
And ſyne beninglie,oppen thou my porte,
And ſay to my belouittes,in this ſorte:
Heir is the end,of your trauell be fane, Ephe.5.
Here is the end,of all your wo and pane. Apoc.21
So thou ſhall wipe,the teares,from their eyne,
And promeſſe thē more ioye,then they haue ſeyne,
Thou that ſometyme,was their maledictione, Gal.3.
Shall now be chainged,in benedictione.
When thou haſt ſerued of porte,then at laſt,

I meane when all nationes:ar throw the paſt,
Apoc.20 Then thou falſe death,the ſeconde death ſhall die:
Where mention more,of the ſhall neuer be.
These wordes ſaid,he turned him derect,
Synne toke his original of Satan that ledeth to the ſecond death. And ſaid to ſinne,thou viuerous beaſt infect,
Bred in the poole,moſt peſtilentious,
Of ſtinking dreggeȝ,foule and contagious,
Iſſued out,of the confuſable gulphir:
Of birning brymſtone,and of filthie ſulphir,
Conceaued and borne,of the olde ſerpent,
Soukar of his laithlie Pappis peſtilent.
Apo.20. Thou canſt well entre:in voluptuous place,
To poyſone Adames nature,and his raice,
With thy corrupt cankre,thou can attones,
Pſal.14. Pollute his harte and gnawe his fleſhe & bones,
Prouer.20. In ſo far that his fleſhe,force and puiſſance:
Rom.6. With thy vennome,broght till great greuance,
Man is the marke,at thou doeſt daylie ſhute,
Of his warke ilke day,thou ſekes tribute.
Eſa.30. Thou art in him ſo ſonkin:and ſo graued,
That thou haſt him polluted,and depraued,
Yet ſinne,note well & marke how that my grace
Shall far ſurmont,thy filthe in euery place,
Rom. 5. All thogh fleſhe and blood of thy peſt redounde,
Yet muche more,ſhall my mercie abounde.
Thogh,thou haſt with thy poyſone & thy ſmoke,
Done to the heauen:my fathers ire prouoke,
Yet I haue done, bothe heauen and earth fulfill,
1. Cor.15 With grace and mercie,& wroght my fathers wil.
Job.3. Phil.2. Of no more valour,thou ſhall be reputed,
Rom.8. For I haue all thy power,clene confuted.

To my elect,thou ſhall as drop of gall,
Be mixt,in pype of hony mellifluall,
So ſhall be melted,all thy bittirnes, 2.Cor.
In the freſhe fontaine:of my profounde goodnes,
And as an ſtrand:is ſmall be ſyde the ſie,
So thou art leſſe,in compair vnto me. 1.Cor.15
By the the fleſhe is fraill,I do conſidder
And thrall to concupiſcence,all to gidder.
My ſpirite ſhall work,on ſuch an wiſe alwhair, Rom.5.
That olde Adam,ſhall maſter be no mair,
We ſhall him make,an ſabboth and repoſe, Gal.4.5
That ſhall preuaill,againes atropoſe.
For an ſpace,thou ſhall in there fleſhe remaine,
As in thy bed of deathe,with wo and paine,
By my grace,the faithfull ſhall the diſpriſe,
In langour without force,thou ſhall arriſe: Rom.7.
Whill that an certaine tyme,be paſſed by, Apoc.17
Into mannes fleſhe,thou ſhall with langour ly,
When thou haſt bred deathe, our corruptione,
That death ſhall be,thy owne diſtructione. Osee 13.
 When ended was,this mightie parlament,
He ſaid to the Law,theſe wordes conſequent,
Thogh thou toke thy beginning, frome the hight, 2.Cor.
In me is ended,all thy ſtrengthe and might. Rom.1
I haue the made,my ſubiect euermore,
And venqueſt the,as neuer did man afore,
Bothe ſinne and deathe , was noureſt vnder the,
Thou haſt not found,one ſpot of them in me. Ephe.1
For I haue done,thy pointes all fulfill,
I am firſt borne,that wroght my fathers will. Col.2,
Inquire thou now no more:of Adams fall, Heb.1

I take the charge, and anſwers for them all,
1.Cor.3. Their neuer was man, that coulde by thy way,
Obteine iuſtice, thou did them ſo aſſeay.
Gal.3. Thou ſhew but ſinne, hell, death, ſorow and ſyte,
Thou not as lambe came: but as woulfe to byte,
And therfore I my ſelfe, is come to take,
Thy heauie burdinges, of my peoples backe,
Idem. Thoght thou ſhew ſinne: yͭ may not grace expell,
Thou haſt no power, to ſend down to hell,
My owne elect: nor yet againes them pleid,
Thou may conſiddir, in thy ſelf and reid,
Or thy cōming, how their was frome the heauen:
An promeſſe of grace, to the fathers geuen.
Thou was ordained, for an teſtament,
Idem. But Adams fragill nature indigent:
Could neuer get, of the but wo and paine,
Their was no man, content of the nor faine.
In promeſſing, thou euer haſt an ſy,
That rather garres man in to langour ly,
Nor to ſhewe, conſolatione or remead.
Idem. And in deſpair, full oft thou doeſt them lead,
Thou ſhawes rather, ſorow nor their ſeill:
For Ilk offence, thow cryes ſlay and keill.
Thou bindes all a lyke, vnder thy bandis,
Their is no grace, nor fauour at thy handis.
For Adams ſede, alyke thou leades in thrall,
Who failzeis in on, they giltie ar in all.
Apoc.14 Therfor, I do confirme for mannes loue,
An teſtament eternall, the aboue.
That to all nations, ſhall be taught and ſhawne,
Idem. And throughe yͤ world, ſhal mak my mercy knawne,

From the Orient, vnto the Occident,
It ſhall be heard, the voyce of my Teſtament,
And newe alliance, ſpoken by my mouthe,
Whiche ſhall remaine, in puritie and trouthe.
For now and aye, my wordes all and ſome,
Into the worlde of worldes for to come.
To make my promeſſe, faithfull ſure and firme, Mar. 14
I did the ſame, with my hart blood confirme. Luc. 22.
I ſware be my owne ſelfe vnuariable, 1. Cor. 11
It ſhoulde remaine, for aye perdurable. 2. Cor. 3. Iac. 1, 2.
So with my death, paſſion and ſore torment. Gal. 3, &
I haue confirmed, my newe Teſtament. 4.
Whiche is an other: Teſtament I ſay,
Nor thy olde fearfull Law, of mont Sinay.
For thou by it, with rigour doeſt require,
To all ſinners: damnation, death and fyre,
But my alliance newe, ſhall rather rinne,
Out through the inwarde man, and pardon ſinne. Deut. 5.
Thou was but for the outwarde man in letter,
Reſt now therfore, and mak place to thy better, Rom. 7.
Thy tyme is runne finiſhed and compleit,
Now mine is come, I frelie powre my ſpreit,
On all fleſhe, where they nede no pedagogue, 2. Cor. 3. Gal. 3.
As thou had wont to be, nor Sinagogue.
Theſe weghtie words, this purpoſe broght to (end,
He ſaid to his elect, and made it kende,
My darreſt ſpouſe, for whome my bloode is ſhed, Ephe. 5.
Come is the tyme, I ſhall you ſpous and wed, Col. 7.
My ſpirite aboundantlie, ſhall in you wirke, 1. Ioh. 2.
Ye are my choſen: and catholike Kirke.
Froſtie winter, is with all his furie paſt,

Apoc.19 Where ilke bloſſome,ſhall beir his frute ſo faſt,
Rom.12 Come is the tyme,with myrth and ioye compleit,
That I ſhall ſpouſe you,with my holie ſpreit.
Thogh ye be many in nombre:and in force,
Yet ſhall ye be,but membres of one corce,
Iac.2. Learne at me,to be meke and bening,
Deut.28 And ſyne the frutes,of the ſpreit forthe bring.
Follow my holie worde,and my doctrine,
Nether to right hand,nor to left decline.
Iſay.3. My worde and my command,is ſufficient,
Without additiones,of your owne intent,
Ioh.17. I am he,that ye ſhulde alwaye inſew,
I haue chainged,and done all thinges renew.
2.Cor.5. If ye in tymes paſt,were ſtrange and nyce,
And far exilid,from my Paradice,
Ephe.2. Yet but your merite,I ſhall of my owne grace,
Reſtore you frelie,to the ſamin place.
Ephe.1. Come all ye,with ſinne that is vnclene,
Col.1. I haue,with my owne pretious blood ſerene,
An holſome bath:and ſtofe prepaird for you,
Where ye ſhall be,made whyte as anie dow:
Mat.26. Of all my treaſures,nothing ye ſhall want,
Ioel.2. But as my ſelf,thereof participant.
Exo.28. As aboundance of water chriſtalline,
So ſhall I powre on you my grace deuine,
Right as the oyle , was powred on Aarons head:
Leuit,9. Which made his rayment,all in to that ſtead,
Smell of that balme,of ſauour dulce and ſweit:
Act.2. So ſhall my grace,be powred in your ſpreit:
Which I ſhall make,ſo plenteus on you raine,
.1Cor.2, 3,& 12, That in to you,ſhall not be found an vaine:

Where as my holie ſprite,doeth not abounde: Heb.1,&
And in my blood,your ſinnes ſhall be drownd, 10.
Syne when it ſhall come to confeſſe in deid:
From whence,that all your vertue doeth proceid,
Thenſe that ye confeſſe in euery place,
Not of your ſelues,but onelie of my grace: Ephe.2.
And of your filthie fleſhe,proceded noght, Gal.6.
That euer was good,in warke word or thoght.
Of my goodnes and grace,I you it gaue, Rom.13
Before the tyme,ye did it aſke or craue,
Except by me,ye can nothing poſſeid,
Therefore to me,and to my word take heid.
Reid bothe the olde and newe law ye ſhall ſe? Ioh.5,6 Act.4.
Ye haue no good,but that which cometh of me. Luc.20.
If ſome men wolde,by there inuentione found, 2.Pet.2.
And ſo to big vpon:an other ground,
Were it in heauen,earth or firmament: 1.Cor.3.
Or on the ſea,then ſay ye conſequent,
That ſure building,and fundament their is none:
Except they found,their fortreſſe me vpone.
  Theſe gratious wordes,finiſhed at length,
This holie Sauiour,in his might and ſtrength, Mat.28.
Prepaird him:by his vertue deuine, Act.1.
For till aſcend,where all the heauens ſyne: Apo.5,7.
Decoird them ſelues, with myrth & glaid curage,
To welcome him and make him due homage,
There lambe,that on the hid ſecrettes did looke:
And was founde digne,to oppen the holie booke:
That all the Angels,had in ſuche eſteme: 1.Tim.2
This lambe,ware on his head one diademe, 1.Ioh.2.
Where was writtin,thir ſtiles ſingulair: Ioh.17. Heb.10.

1.Ioh.2. In golden letteres,to him peculiar,
Ioh.17. One Mediatour,did him trewlie call,
Heb.10. The ſecond ſtyle,our hie prieſt principall:
The thrid ſtile was,the Sauiour of all wight,
That in this worlde,did bring to vs the light,
And made his father, who is our ſoueraine Lord:
On vs poor ſinners,to haue miſericord.
Apoc.21. This bleſſed Lord,and Sauiour moſt hie,
Exod.20. Bothe heauen and earth,togidder gart agrie,
In ſo far as the letter did conteane,
Promeſſe and,law,ſo of right ſhoulde perteane:
Iſay.17. The Lord ſhuld promeſſe kepe,and mercy ſhawe,
But man ought till obſerue,and kepe the Lawe
Heb.2,⁊ So Chriſt Ieſus,to performe his office:
.10 For that promeſſe to ſhewe his benefice,
Offred his pretious bloode,his Father till:
And for our ſake,hathe done the Law fulfill.
So dyeinge on croce,that oblatione trewe,
Ephe.2. Ended the Law,and toke an ſtile of newe,
1.Tim.3 To be him ſelf:our onelie Mediatour,
1.Io.12. He is that prince , that with his manlie nature,
Hath vs redemed,where we were dãned to pyne.
Reaſone ⁊ Scripture,wolde that we ſhulde ſyne,
Giue him onelie:the gloir and to none other,
Rom.4. He is our Lord,our Sauiour and brother.
Heb.2.3 In that diademe,may be red in faith,
7,8,9,10 The lambe did meiſe , the Lordes ire and wraith,
Where as before:could do no bloode of beiſt,
He offred his owne bloode,as mightie preiſt.
But not as offred,the prieſtes Leuitticall,
That offred for them ſelues,and ſyne for all,

Their ſacrifice:nor their oblatione,
Could neuer bring vs,to ſaluatione.
For God the Father,Lord omnipotent:
Was onelie,wᵗ his Sonnes blood content. (der,
So Chriſt our Lord,was not boũd Prieſt conſid-
But Melchiſedech: high Prieſt & King to gidder,
King of all pietie,peace and equitie,
And Prieſt that teached:the word of verritie.
And entred ones,in to the ſanctuair:
By his owne blood,his prieſthoode to declair,
Where he offred,his bleſſed fleſhe alſo:
Sufficient,for an thowſand worldes mo;
Blood of more ſtrength,nor the blood of Abell,
Better nor Nabothes blood,the trueth to tell: Heb. 12.
That aſked vengence,from heauen to that place,
To fall on Jeſabell,and Achabs race.
In dyeng Chriſt required,with mightie voyce, Mat. 26
Pardon to them,that did him naill one croyce:
To death he neideth no more,him ſelf preſent,
That one oblatione for all:was ſufficient.
For death may now, no more that lambe Arreiſt, Heb.5,7.
O lambe,o King,o high Biſchope and Preiſt, 9,& 10.
Betwix vs,and thy Fathers,furie ſtand:
Syne bleſſe vs,with thy right and holie hand. Gal.4.
(O man) if thou could with thy wit perſaue? Act.4.
The great ioye,that thou throw Chriſt dois haue, Rom. 8.
Then ſhulde thy harte, with hope and eſperance:
Be more ſtable,then rocke but variance. 2. Para.
Thou ſhuld not cair, of mã the threatning boſtes: 3.
Nor yet regaird, their ſtrong and awfull hoſtes.
Thou ſhulde cure,no puniſhment nor pyne, Pſal.44

Nor yet regaird, peſt, hunger nor ruine.
Thou wold not feir, fier: death nor helles pane:
Phil. 4. All earthlie torment, thou wold but repute vane,
If faithfull loue, thou in thy harte doeſt beir:
To Chriſt our Lord, and to his worde moſt cleir.
He is our pleader, for vs in to the lawes,
Heb. 9. That venqueiſt Satan, & wan to vs our cawes,
Againes his ornate ſpeache, and eloquence:
1. Tim. 2 The heauen nor earth, can make no reſiſtance,
Gal. 3. Satan nor death, dar pretend no actione,
Where Chriſt ſaith I haue made ſatiſfactione.
This diademe, moſt worthie to aduant,
Iſa. 2, 4. Is garneiſt, with theſe ſtiles triumphant:
Whiche ſhulde not be attribute; truſt ye ſure,
Unto none other, earthlie creature,
Nether to ſainct, nor Angell in the heauen,
Rom. 8, Shulde thoſe thre ſtiles, in any wiſe be geuen.
& 11. None ought the ſtile of interceſſione:
1. Pet. 4. But Chriſt that bought it, with his paſſione.
Exo. 34. As in tymes paſt, allace it may be ſeine,
How many haue worne, an wail before their eine:
And ſtopped them, to ſe the lyght moſt cleir,
2. Cor. 3. Of the bright Sunne, with eyne of hart inteir.
As Moyſes: ware before an miſtie race,
An vaill to hide the bryghtenes of his face,
Right ſo doeth were this waill: al thē that wolde
Make Chriſtes Law, lyke to the lawes olde,
And may not ſe, the lambes liberalitie,
That is to ſay, who makes equalitie:
And wold compair, the warkes of the Law,
Epheſ. 2 To Chriſtes death, that grace to vs doeth ſhaw,

Sekiin

Seking conſaittes:and faſſions of their owne, Iudic. 2
The lambe to thē,will not be ſeyne nor knowne
Becauſe at others:they haue ſoght remeid,
Forgetting Chriſt,their cheif capitayne and heid. Pſal.106
This foule errour,that doeth their conſciēce knit,
Procedeth from ignorance:of holie writ Oſee. 9, & 12.
Ferther read forth,perſaue and ſe the reſt, 2.Cor.4
Beholde the vertue of this lambe celeſt,
The more that is,conſidered his impire,
The more alway,a man doeth him require,
With eye debonair,dulce and petious,
That their was neuer,man ſo diſpitious, Rom. 8.
Nor tyrane fell,that blood humane did ſeike,
Beholding him , he ſhulde come dulce and meike.
Sunne on no day ſo bright did neuer ſhyne Apoc,21,
Nor in Aurora,bright ſtarre matutyne,
In heauen,nor earth,is found nothing ſo fair: Cant.1,
That to his golden face,I may compair. 2,3, & 4.
The lyllie whyte confect,in vermeill roſe,
Unto his bewtie,can be no peir nor choſe.
To his cleir colour:of brightnes triumphant
No pretious ſtone,ſapheir nor diamant, Apoc.21
Nor the charbouckle,with his lucent ſtrandes,
May be compaird,to the brightnes of his handes.
He is ſo full,of fragrant amitie,
Sainctes are enamourd,wͭ his bright bewtie: Apoc.5,
Men in this earth,left heritage and gude, 18,& 19.
To winne his loue,and ſerue his celeitude.
Rather choſing:to be brint at an ſtake:
Nor to renounce,his loue and him forſake
His veſtament of golde,pure and ſerene. Cant.8

Doubled and lyned, with purpur colour cleir,
Garneſt with riche rubies reſplendent,
With ſapheir enrobe, and with diament,
The gold ſo fine, doeth ſignifie his gloire,
Cant. 5. The colour ſanguine, his conqueſt and victoire,
The fair rubies, riche and ineſtimable:
Declares his noble giftes incomparable.
Of his excellent, virtues heroicall:
Where as no Angell, nor Catholicall,
Heb.1. Did arriue, for Ilke one of them by meaſure,
Pſal. 97 Reſſaued the holie Sprite, and conſolature,
But he, after his owne Sprite at his will,
1.Joh.5. Toke aboundance, and gaue all others till.
Apo. 21. He is the fontaine, floode, and ſpringing ſtrande:
He holdes lyfe, and death in to his hand.
Phil 2. In that ſweit lambe, we haue our hole hauing,
Gal.3. From him doeth al our health: and wel fair ſpring.
Aboue this rob: their was an brawe brodoure,
Apoc.19. In golding lettres, conteining this ſcripture.
Rom.14 Lord of lordes, King of kings ſupreme Monarke,
Eſa.5. This is his Name, his title ſtile and marke.
Act.2.
This holie lambe crowned, with gloir & might,
Pſal.96. With great triumphe, aſcended to the hight,
Where as the cloude right riche, and radious
Of his ſplendour: with Angelles gratious,
On knees they kneled, and ſweitlie him adored,
Heb. 1. Welcome o lambe, ẏ whiche hathe death deuored,
Saying to gidder, with admiratione,
What people or citie, realme or natione?
Apoc. 5, What conquerour, ſyn firſt the wolde began?
14,& 15. May be compair, to Chriſt bothe God and man,

That hath done all, his foes ouercome and chaſe, Apoc. 5,
Sauing his ſeruandes by his might and grace. 1.4.& 15.
No wight is worthie, this ſeate and chariat,
But the victorious lambe, immaculat.
Welcome ſaid they, o lambe celeſtiall,
That venqueſt hes, the dragone infernall.
And fred thy folk, forthe of that vglie ſteid,
That did beleue in the, to haue remeid
Welcome, o lambe, that band with chaine infect, Apoc.20
Fals Satan, fo to all thy trwe elect,
O Sonnes of Adam, be ye glaid and ſing,
Reioyſſe whill heauen & earth, redound and ring. Col.3.
With laude and prays reioyſſe with notes new,
Giue all honour onlie: to Chriſt Ieſeu.
And ſing how that all louing lait and air,
Parteines to him, for now and euer mair.
Reioyſe fontane, and foreſt amiable,
Reioyſe montane, and valaye delectable. Apo.14.
Reioyſe feildes floodes, and chriſtall ſpringes:
Reioyſe beaſtes, and all kinne foule that ſinges,
Before ye were polluted one and all,
And now ye are deliuered out of thrall.
Now all to gidder, laude the lambe in ane,
In eccon langage loude ſing and ſay Amen.
O heauens, we did ſe and conſidder:
When ye perſauit, the lambe and death to gidder, Mat. 27
Then were ye all, ouer ſpred and cled with ſable, Luc.23.
With double doole, and teares lamentable.
The Sunne in habite, obſcure did cleith him ſell,
And did his chriſtall beames, bright, expell.
When Titan ſaw, that death had power ſick,

His golden face,became as black as pick.
Pſal. 31. When he ſaw that death,on his heill did trampe,
Then was blawne out,the lightes and the lampe.
Of the palyce celeſt:where gart in deid,
The heauens,cled in doole and murning weid.
Then for to weip,ye had occaſione:
But now ſince that the Lord,and King of Sione,
1.Pet. 3. Is aſcended to you,on life leuand,
Act. 3. Sittand,on Goddes right and holie hand.
Heb. 10. Therefor be glaid:and louinges him prepair,
For now that lambe,may ſuffer death no mair.
  Reſaue agane,your colour chriſtalline,
Pſal. 68. For now the Sunne,and lampe of light deuine,
That beres more ſtrength,nor Phebus did before,
Is come to you:and ſhall yow newe decore,
Mat. 3. Thogh he be cled, with fleſhe and blood humane,
Eſa. 43. He is the Sonne of God,and ſouerane.
Holding theſe faithfull purpoſe ſinguleirs,
Amonges the regions,planeites and the ſpeirs.
The lambe commanded,then in ſpeciall,
That throw the whole worlde vniuerſall,
His herroldes ſhould proclaime,to euery natione,
Rom. 1. The glaide tydinges,of the worldles ſaluatione.
Syn ſuddanlie,the cloud preordinat,
With fyres of ioye,full fair illuminat,
Couered the lambe,with beames chriſtalline,
So he aſcended,by his might deuine.
Act 3. Where as Phebus,kneiled with golden face,
And to his God,right reuerentlie made place.
Saying (o maker) I am right ſarre eſhamed,
Becauſe ſome men,for God haue me proclamed:

Gyeuing

Geuing to me,the whole honour ſupreme,
Shoulde be annext,to thy diademe.
Into compair,of the I am farre leſſe, Apoc.21.
Nor ſparke or gleid of fyre,I do confeſſe.
By thy might,to auoide their ignorance,
Thou haſt cauſed me,oft with great greuance
With paill coloure to hyde my beames bright,
Abſenting oft,my feruent force,and might.
But now is come the tyme,where faith & grace,
Shall all ſuch errours,with their felowes chace. Eph.1.2.
Therefore with mirth:I take my cope faconde,
To hang,my golden palice rubiconde.
That I may better bear:forme and figure,
Of the(o lyuelie Sonne)that ſhall indure
Now I reioyſe,to ſerue the of image,
To that effect,that all leuing lynage, Eſa.9.&
Hold me,but as the lampe etheriall, 43.
And thou,the leuing lyght celeſtiall.
Thou art the ſpring,the ſtrength force and valour, Ioh.15.
That reulles all,the regimentes of natour.
That hes done ſinne,with hel and death ſubdewe,
Lord of thy elect,and choſen people trewe,
Lykewiſe,him honored the celeſt legions, 1.Cor.[illegible]
In ordour,him adored the twelue regions: Apoc.5,
Him as their Lord,and God they did confeſſe, 11,& 19.
With Cherubins,and Seraphins expreſſe, Rom.14.
Of high ſpreittes,the ordores ſupernall: Heb.2.
Him magnified,with voice Angelicall. Pſal.23.
Saying on high,o Sapience profounde,
That taketh the ſinnes, from the earth & grounde,
Holie,holie Word,that euer ſhall remane:

Esa.9. Lyfe light and ſubſtance,of the ſouerane.
Prouer. Word that haſt made, by vertue and by ſtrengthe,
8. The heauen,the ſea, the earth,on bread & lengthe.
1. Cor.1. Haill migthie king,and ſouerane ſeigneoure
Ephes.2. Haill holie lambe,worthie of all honoure.
Phil.2. Laude,honoure,glorie,and adoratione,
Esa.5. Apoc.21. Force valour,ſtrength:and dominatione,
For euer,and euer,muſt to the be geuen
Aſwell in earth,as is into the heauen.
Thus being ended, this oriſone deuine,
All creatures on knees did incline,
Apoc. 19 Rẽdring dewe wirſhepe,reuerẽce laude, & gloire,
To that moſt migthie king,for euer moire.
Kinges of the earth,and Emperours I ſay,
Your dayes and yeres:ſhall vaniſhe ſone a way,
The heauen ſhall paſſe, & earth I make you ſure,
Psal.102 But my trewe word,ſhall euer more indure.
Heb.1. One word thereof,nor iote ſhall neuer faill,
Tyll euery thing,completed be and haill:
Thogh Babilone,many regiõs drew them till,
The firſt Impire. And conqueſt,to that migthie reuer Nill,
Syne ſeaſt their force,and power furibound,
Where then ſucceded,to the Impire ſecound:
Secõd. Cyrus whoſe crown,and ſceptre high decored,
In Aſia,for long tyme was adored.
Macedone peirs and Syrie. Syne after them,came the breue ſeignorie,
Of Macedone,where Peirs and Cyrie:
To be maſters,had ſo great affectione,
That to comfirme,their pryde made directione,
Thinking to lytill,their rowmes and their rent,
Unto their boundes,ſone they did agment

All Afrique, Inde, Egypt: and Arabie,
With regions mo, that could not ſatiſfie,
To their deſires, whill tyme prefixt ſaid ho:
Then for to rule, and reigne bigan alſo, Impire Romane.
The great citie, ſuperbe and glorious,
That ſome tyme founded, was by Romulus,
Whiche wan and conqueſt, all the Orient,
And in ſhort ſpace, ſubdewed all the Occident.
On ſuche an wiſe, all landes and langage:
Become their ſubiectes, and made them homage.
Carthaige, ancient, ſtrong and mightie town,
They brack the walles, and keſt the citie down.
Their gloir, did ſo increaſe and multiplie,
Pryde promeſt, it ſhuld ſtill remane on hie. Pryde.
But whē approched, their propre houre and tyme,
Prefixt, and ſet, by prouidence deuyne,
From their impire, they were ouerthrawn & caſt,
They might no longar reigne, for tyme was paſt.
So toke an end, the high Impire Romane,
That was ſo long, fordged on blood humane.
The whole world, could not by their great puiſſance,
Them vēques, whill God by his puruiāce:
Sewe in their ſennat, ciuile ſeditione,
Which ſprang and grew, to their confuſione.
Conſaue in earth, no thing is permanent, Eccleſ. 3.
But ſhall haue end, for God omnipotent,
With dayes & houres, hathe euery thing prefixt,
That ſhall not be ouer paſt, nor yet prolixt.
Here in this earth, nothing is firme nor ſtable,
But Chriſtes kingdome, remanes interminable, 2. Pet. 3.
So beyng ſeaſed, our Sanctificatour, Col. 1.

Our Aduocat and onelie Mediatour.
1.Tim.2 Upon his Fathers right hand:ſpak for man,
Heb.9. With reuerence,his oriſone began.
Praying his Father,God omnipotent,
Ioh.17. To grante him theſe requeſtes conſequent.
O ſupreme Father,moſt worthie in aſpect,
Since in my bodie,that thou haſt elect,
Apoc.2. Hathe bene accompliſhed whole obedience,
Hebr.2, 9,10,12. Therefore I pray the,with detfull reuerence.
2.Cor.6 Rom.7. The inobedience,of the worlde remitte,
That they againſt the,daylie do committe.
Thogh poyſone entred,in by Adames race,
Thou may remead it,with thy might and grace.
Rom.5. For my goodnes,and loue mende that miſdead,
Since that by Adam,entred ſinne and dead.
Grant throw my death, which was ſuperlatyue,
May entre peace,and euerlaſting lyue.
I make the,moſt humble ſupplicatione,
Since thou haſt pleiſed,the oblatione,
Ioh.15. That pietie,hathe cauſed me to preſent:
Of my owne naturall,bodie innocent,
Heb.10. That ſinne nor death,pretend no actione,
Epheſ.1. But take my fleſhe,and blood for ſatiſfactione,
Of them that will,with heart intrincicall:
Pray in my Name,to the continuall.
Ioh.14. Holding the,as the Father eterne tutoure,
Matt.6. And me as brother,iudge and gouernoure.
That hopes in me,and in none other wight,
For them(o Father)I pray the day and night
Ioh.17. The ardent loue,and pietie paternall,
That thou haſt borne,to me contenuall,

Muſt cauſe the,lykewiſe them to loue ſo weill:
That in their heartes, they may perſaue and feill, Ioh. 16.
How for my ſake,thou haſt them all reſaued,
As thy owne children,Gotten and conſaued.
When they by waiknes,in temptatione fall, 1.Cor.10
O Father then,haue mercy on them all.
Conſidder of them ſelues,they haue no goode,
But imperfite,and borne of fleſhe and bloode. Ioh. 14,
Without our helpe,they fall and may not ſtand, & 16.
To thy goodnes,them all I recommand.
I know full well,what may to them betyde,
So Satan me aſſailled,with his pryde
Thus may I not,alway in their vexatione, Mat. 4.
Contemple them,without I haue compaſſione,
Their cauſe and maters,touches me ſo neir, Heb.2.
They are my blood,elect and brethren deir.
Thy are my membres,and my holie Kirke,
I muſt be their defence,for them to wirke.
I may not ſuffre,that one of them be ſhent, Epheſ.1,
To anſuer for them all,I me preſent, & 2.
By thy bontie eternall,they are thyne, 1.Cor. 3.
Yet by reaſone I boght them,they are myne. Mat. 21.
Thou haſt them put,vnder my gouernance: Ioh. 16,
And promeſed me,to be their aſſurance. 17.
Their aide their helpar,and protectour propice,
Father I pray the,for my Sacrifice: Idem.
That thou wilt in their mindes,and hartes pour,
Our odoriferrant balme,and ſweit licour:
With the feruent flambe,and zeale of Charitie,
The liuelie Spirit condigne:of our deitie,
And the ſweit vnctiō,ẏ doeth from bothe proceid,

Muſt be to them,their ſolace and remeid.
Againſt the foir aſſaultes tyrannicall,
Aſwell humane as diabolicall,
Ioh. 14. For their moſt mightie:and ſtrong conductour,
Their moſt perfite,and principall inſtructour,
The holie Goſt,for witnes and for gaige,
Ephes.1. For ſele:and arles of our heritage.
& 2. Lat them with vs reigne(o Father deuine)
Ioh. 17. When they offend,impute to me their crime.
And ended ſo this ſupplicatione,
Heb.9. He ſaid to me,for thy oblatione:
Rom.4, My dear beloued Sonne celeſtiall,
& 5. For the offence,of men terreſtriall:
Heb.10. Thou payed for all,an ranſome moſt condigne,
And I at thy requeſt,to them benigne,
My Sonne delice:and ſubſtance of my ſell,
Eſa.9. Heb.5. Reſaue all powere,in heauen,earth:and hell.
Prouer. Till damne,till bind,till Louſſe and till releue,
8. Till ſaue them all,that ſhall on the beleue.
2.Cor.4 Mat.28. Take all the treaſures,of the heauen celeſt,
Diſpone and parte them, where thou pleſes beſt.
Pſal.110 Sith I haue all,this power to the geuen,
Act.2. The earth,the hell,the Angelles of the heauen.
Heb.1, I geue the likewiſe,in thy holy hand,
An rod of yron to ſtrike who doeth ganeſtand.
If thou ſhall pleſe,that rod without regaird,
Apo.19. Shall breeke & breiſſe them,as an pottars ſhaird.
Our holie lambe,reſſauing all this charge,
To ſhewe him ſelfe,bothe liberall and large,
The heauens oppened in haiſt with reuerence:
Mat,28, Where he departed,with magnificence.

The treaſure,and the holie gifte celeſt,
To all the worlde,plane and maniſeſt,
And firſt of all,his promeſſe to full fill,
The great conforteur,come his Apoſtles till. Act.2.
With diuerſe,tongues,and leides ſolatious:
And with zeraphicall,windes gratious.
Ilke on of them,in ſcience newe did fleit,
With diuerſe giftes,of the ſammyn Spreit.
Where their was men, of Mede and Parthians: 1.Cor.2.
Of Pontus,Pamphill and Cereneens,
Of Capadoce,and Meſopotamia;
Of Aſia Egypt,Libia and Phrigia,
Their was Arab,Iewe,Greik and Proſeleit; Act.21.
Strangers of Rome,of Candy and of Creit,
Theſe nations all, maruelled and was on floght,
To here & ſe, what was by the Apoſtles wroght.
By verie vertue,of their high doctrine, Idem.
When all theſe nationes, were before theme ſyne,
In their maternall tongues,and propre leid,
Ilk one of them,heard Chriſt preached in deid.
Fontaines of grace , from them did flowe & ſpring
Throw Chriſts promiſſe,where his Spirit benig,
To Idiot men,vnlearned here on ground, Rom.10.
Their ſimplenes,did prudent men confound.
Chriſt promiſed,to leawe when he did aſcend, Mat.28.
That Spirite with vs,vnto the worldles end. Isa.9.
This lambe ſitting on his throne eternall, Gal.4.
Subdewer of death,and feyndes infernall, Isa.45. & 4.
Sauiour of all,that in him will confide, 1.Ioh.2.
Where his elect,with faith and hope abide. 1.Cor.15
His comming,when the laſt trompet ſhall ſound, 1.Theſ. 4.
Where they in him,ſhal. riſe forth of the ground.

Here followeth the ſecond part of the Myrour Chriſtiane, in forme and maner of an ſynners lamentatioune: compoſed by the ſade Norvell.

ALL the dolores, from the originall,
All wo diſtres, and paines furious:
2.Cor.7 Let me imbrace: ſith I diſerue thē all,
All diſhonour, yͭ ilk man doeth refuſe,
Come vnto me, & do me clene confuſe.
Come teares, come terrours, come death now vp thy dart,
And plant theſe dolours, in my wofull hart.

It is my conſcience, in my hart full depe,
Which conſcience, doeth me dailie curſe and ban,
Rom. 2. That maketh me, like one womā ſigh and wepe:
Come all the wo, ſince firſt the world began,
That euer had, or yet ſuffred any man.
Come attones, my ſtony harte to wound,
That trwe repentance, with teares may abound.

Becauſe that I haue bene, ſo proud and bolde,
So full of ſinne, and euery wickednes:
As Chriſtes brother, me to name and holde,
Mat. 12. I haue abuſed, my ſelf I do confeſſe.
For Chriſt doeth, ſay in his Goſpell expreſſe,
Who workes my Fathers wil, and his command:
He is my brother ſiſter and ſeruand.

But I vnworthie, wretche, bent full of Ire,
How darre I him, my maſter call for ſhame, Marc.3.
To virke his will, ſince I haue no deſire,
Therfore I am not digne, to beir that Name,
Of Chriſtes brother as an trew Chriſtiane.
For I haue not: Goddes holie word peruſed,
But done the contrare, how can I be excuſed. Luc.8.

Now I perſaue it better my tongue to holde,
Nor as one hypocrite, to go about,
And ſay as I was wont, with viſage bolde,
Brother holde vp thy eye and kneill and lout;
That I may forth thereof an mote pull out, Matt,7.
When I my ſelf do others thus diſprayſe:
And yet will not; perſaue in any wayſe.

The greate beame, that is my own eye vithin,
Proceding from the faultes, of my mother, Ecce.25.
I will correct; and yet I do but ſinne,
The fault whereof, I do reproue my brother:
I do commit the ſame, with many other.
My heart doeth nothing, with my lippes agrie:
I am ſo full; of blinde hypocriſie. Rom.14

My darkenes is full great, I do conſidder,
Wherein I ſpent my tyme, bothe night and daye, Mat.6.
Synce that my light, is darknes all to gidder,
I do confeſſe, I haue gone long aſtraye
From Chriſt which is the light, the lyfe and waye,
Doing my ſinnes, dailie ſtill agment:
As maineſworne mã, ouer lait hathe done repent.

Periured I am,becauſe that I did ſweare,
Rom.6. Whē they with water,of Baptiſme did me weſhe,
Col.2. To Loue God onelie,and his Lawes leare,
Ephe. 4 Whiche from my heart,alwayes,I did diſpeſhe.
Seruing the beaſtlie,pleaſures of my fleſhe:
Gal.3 Geuing the ſame,vnto the owne delyte,
That now my conſcience,doeth my ſelfe diſpite.

O fy fals luſt,had thou in me ſuche ſtrengthe,
Gal.5. Haſt thy pleaſures,ſo gart me dote and raue?
To bind me in that ſnare,where I at lengthe,
Rom. 8. Can not my ſelfe,forthe of thy handes haue,
Hes thy vane pleaſures,done me thus deceaue?
1.Cor.15 Hes thou me led,to Goddes ire full deipe?
Bringing on me,of ſinne the ſlouthfull ſleipe.

To walken at the porte,of blak diſpair,
Gal.6. After ſo ſhorte an ioye,to gar me quaike,
At lengthe thy ſeruandes,gettes of the na mair:
Rom.6. When that delyte,hathe,led them in that laike,
At laſt I ſe,thou doeth them clene forſaike.
Till me had better bene,the till forſakin:
Before,or that I had thy pleaſures takin.

Thou art the poyſone,that my heart hath ſoght,
Joh.5. Thy wicked venuome,is endles but remeid,
I haue the found, thou haſt broght me to noght,
Ephes.1. Except that grace,and mercye do preceid,
From Chriſt,that for my ſinnes on croce did bleid:
Joh. 16. Now help me Lord,for Chriſtes ſake I call,
And driue from me,affectiones ſenſuall.

Command my heart, from luſtes till abſtene,
Sith it is in thy power, geue thou pleiſe,
If thou wilt not, with them I periſhe clene,
By daye nor night, I wait not what till cheiſe, Rom. 9.
Nor yet I ſe nothing, that may me eiſe:
When I on death, and iudgement think expreſſe:
Then doeth, my wofull dolour more increſſe. Eccl. 41.

Wherefore, o death, forthe of this world me driue,
Sith I am ſo tormented, euery ſake, Rom. 7.
I do but leue, in langour here on liue,
To ſtrike me with thy darte, ſince thou art ſlake,
Againſt the worlde, what armies ſhall I take? Eccleſ. 1.
Shall I confeſſe, my owne abuſione?
And ſinfull life whiche is my owne confuſione.

Prepare the, o my harte, and arme the ſtreght,
Be not affrayed, in no maneir of caice: Gal. 5.
Againſt the worlde, for to combatt and feght,
Be hardie, vailliant in euery place,
Syne do the world, with his pleaſures chace,
Arte thou not ſtrong, from the for till diſpeſhe?
And als ouercome, the world the deuill and fleſhe.

O Lord I grant, my ſayinges vndiſcreit,
Where with I thoght to haue parted the pelf, Eſa. 59.
Thry me forthe ſhawe, to be an hypocreit,
For how darte I, preſume (o eirthe elfe)
To ſteall thy gloire, and take it to my ſelf,
Seyng the iuſteſt that euer yet was found, Phil. 2.
Doeth dailie ſinne, that reignes on the ground.

Mak. 11. Ne but thy grace, coulde neuer yet withſtand,
2.Cor.3. Nor coulde reſiſt, the vane conſaittes mundane,
2.Pet.11. The deuill nor fleſhe, as I haue tane on hand,
Num.16 What ſaiſt thou now, o penſiue, full of pane?
2. Para. What canſt thou think or ſay, but wordes vane?
32. Yet fear the furour, of the Lord almight,
Thogh he the dampne, he doeth the but right.

Rom.7. Where ſhall I go: allas vnto the Law?
And blenck, in to that ſpectakle profound,
2.Cor.3. Naye naye, for it doeth all my vices ſhaw,
Whiche are ſo foull, ſo filthie and immound,
Heb. 11. The leiſt of them by right, may me confound,
It is my ſinnes (allas) that doeth me quell,
And dampnes me, with Satan for to duell
Gal.3.

My filthie fleſhe, dailie I fele it ſteir,
Reſiſting ſtill, the motiones of my ſpreit,
4.Esd.7 With ardent battaill, ſtrife and mortall weir,
Adam greit was the ſinne thou did commit,
Thou fell not thine allone, in to the pit:
Aſwell as thou, we that are of thy ſeid,
Are partenars, of thy curſt and wicked deid.

Lord ſeing thou did forme Adam of claye,
And made him lyke to the, with all his kinne,
Esa.63. Why made thou not his heart the to obaye,
And why did thou, not plant his breiſt withinne
Suche giftes of grace, that he ſhuld neuer ſinne.
Thou knoweſt, their is no man on earth leuand:
Rom. 9. That can or may, againſt thy will withſtand.

Sith thou art God, our Lord & Father kinde,
Why holdes thou vs,in wo and miſerie? Eſa.63.
Why haſt thou hardned,thus our heart & minde,
And ſyld our eyne,we ſhuld not cleirlie ſe,
The thing that may,thy will and pleaſure be,
Why doeſt thou not,of thy beneuolence:
Excuſe our fautes,we do throw negligence? 4.Eſ.5.

Sith man is made of ſinne bothe crope & rute,
And can not dryg,but as thou lettes him drawe,
Why doeſt thou then,that ſinne to him impute?
The heart that ſhuld the fear,and ſtand in awe: Eſa.54.
why doeth it worke,againſt thy will and Lawe?
But as the iuſte,O hes thou made alſweill,
The murtherare,for to diſtroye and keill.

Euen as the potter,with an lompe of lame,
Doeth after his owne fantaſie direct,
Some pott to honour,and other ſome to ſhame,
So hes thou lykwyſe,creat and elect,
Some to thy gloire,and ſome to be deiect, Rom.9.
So of our ſelues,we neuer haue fre will:
For to do good,but all miſcheif and ill.

O ſinfull wretche,that doeſt thy ſelf abuſe,
How damnable,is thy frewoll argument? Rom.11.
Will thou thy ſinnes on the Lord excuſe?
To diſpute,how dar thou thy ſelf preſent?
With the deip wiſdome,of God omnipotent.
Sith ignorance,hathe the diſſaued playne, Eſa.45.
Cry mercie for thy argumentes vane.

Esa. 43. Confeſſe the Lord, the Lord of veritie,
1. Joh. 3, & 4. And do not contrair, his preſence pleid,
Thes. 1. His iudgementes, are full of equitie,
Tit. 2. His Sonne, is ſatiſfaction and remeid;
2. Tim. 2. For all the ſinnes, that came of Adames ſeid:
Joh. 10. Confeſſe at Baptiſme, how thow made an triſte,
Rom. 6. And ſware, the faithfull ſpouſe to Jeſus Chriſte:

All are ſpiritual fornicatours that wirſhoppes not one God allanerlie.

Allas I fornicator, full of cair,
Following the appetite, of luſtes raige,
Dar not for ſhame, my filthines declair,
For worldlie luſt, I loſe my heritage,
I haue adultered, my whole mariage,
And followed hath my ſenſualitie:
I ſet at noght, the word of veritie.

Deut. 31 Iudic. 2, 8.

Fornicatione for infidelitie and murmuratione againſt God. Nũb. 14.

I grant my luſte, hathe me repudiat,
And hathe me cauſed, to forſake allace,
My Sauiour Chriſt, and ſpouſe immaculate,
How dar I me preſent, before his face?
Or how dar I my ſpouſe require for grace?
Sith I my ſelf, made ſeparatione,
Committing filthie fornicatione.

Rom, 3. To follow my luſtes, I did neuer blinne,
Nor neuer wold, againſt them conteſt.
Pro. 20. I am broght vp, and nourest in to ſinne,
With dolour now, why am I not oppreſt?
Sith I haue done, forſake my ſpouſe celeſt?
Mat, 10. O vile adulterar, fy haſt thou no ſhame?
Chriſt to renunce, of whom thou beares the name.

For ignorance,for pleaſure and delite,
For fals doctrine,that doeth all men confuſe, 1.Cor.14
For gluttonnie,and beaſtlie appetite,
For them,why haſt thou done thy ſelf abuſe,
Notchow ignorance,doeth no man excuſe,
Ther is no way,ſince thou art ſo infect: Ephes.1.
But onelie Chriſt,the ſpouſe of his elect.

An ſpouſe,and that full of benignitie
Not looking,on my lyfe luxurious, Psal.45.
That for my lufe,hathe ſuffred death for me,
His dead,hathe venqueſt death moſt fiitious, Ephe.5.
And ſhewn him ſelf,an louer curious,
His grace:and mercie moſt miſericord: Gal.4.
Hathe made my peace, & pointemēt with yͤ Lord.

Right as thou art,my loue and Lord of bliſſe, 1.Cor.1.
My Sauiour and God omnipotent,
Let thy ſweit mercie,me imbrace and kiſſe,
On ſuch an wiſe:that in my heart thou prent, Ephe.2.
Thy holie ſpreit,thy Law and Teſtament, Joh.14.
And pardone me,where I haue done rebell:
I come for loue,and not for fear of hell. Eccle.33.

Dulce Lord ſweit ſpouſe,take on me thoght and
Shewe me yͤ waye, yͭ leades me moſt euen, (cure, Jacob.2
Giue me the knawledge,of thy trwe Scripture,
In ſic diſpair,my ſinnes hathe me dreuen:
That but thy grace,I can not come to heauen.
Arme me with faith,the ſpringing ſtreame & well
That I may venques the fleſhe,the Deuill & hell. Rom.18

Or thou do faill, to them that thou doeſt loue,
Mat.17. Where faith is great, as graine of muſtard ſeid,
The earth ſhall faill, ſo ſhall the heauen aboue,
Rom. 5. I knowe thy mercie, doeth right farre exceid:
All my offence, my ſinne and wicked deid.
Ioh.17. And ſince thou haſt, thy loue vpon me ſet,
O Lord, I knowe, thou will not me forget

Which maketh me, cry (on hight) away deſpair,
Ephes.2 That ſo long tyme, haith done moleſt my minde,
Col.1. Sith Chriſt is ſo benigne, bothe late and aire:
Moued with pietie, he will not be vnkinde,
1.Ioh.4 For to forgeue, his nature is inclinde.
Iac.5. For his great mercie, as wrytes cunning clerkes,
Esa. 34. Doeth farre tranſcend, aboue his godlie werkes.

Ephe.2. For our ſinnes, Lord, we grant thy celſitude
Of thy mere mercie. and ſpeciall grace,
Heb.9,& Frelie thou wiſhe awaye, with thy ſweit bloode,
10. The whole iniquitie, that came of Adames race,
Rom. 5. And meaſed thy Fathers wrathe, in to that caice:
Where he ſtude, right glaidlie well content,
Col.1. With that one offring, that thou did him preſent.

Gal.3. Becauſe we could not wirke; the Fathers will,
We were ſubdewed, to dampnatione,
Of death and hell, whill Chriſt did it fulfill,
Ephe. 1. And ſhed his pretious blood, for our ſaluatione,
1.Ioh.3. Which is our health, our lyfe and our purgatione,
Heb,9. We knewe their is, no clenzeing to conclude,
But our purgatione, by Chriſtes death & bloode.

No purgatione,is named euen nor od,
In holie Scripture,Goddes word of veritie,
But onelie Jeſus Chriſt,the Sonne of God,
Hathe purged vs,of our iniquitie, Heb.1.
Where we were boũd,yͤ Lord hathe made vs fre,
From hell,from deathe and euerlaſting pane: Sapi.7.
And vs reſtored haith,to lyfe agane.

It is no meruell,though our hearttes be ſorie,
Sith we haue through our ſlouth,and negligẽce,
Beleued to haue,an other purgatorie, In libro
When from this vaill of wo , that we ſhall hence, ſenten=
As written is,in the booke of Sentence, tiarum.
That we ſhall to,an certane fyre returne:
And many hundreth yeres,theirin till burne.

And ſhall not come to bliſſe, nor ſe the heauen,
But their till cry,till fry,till gloure and gaip,
Whil for iche ſinne,we haue burnt yeres ſeuaen, Idem
And no maner of waye,for till eſchaip,
But by the Meſſe,and pardons of the paip,
If this be trwe,as they haue preached plane,
Thẽ Chriſt hathe ſhed:his precious blood in vane.

The Father doeth,no ſatiſfactione knawe,
Nor no ſic vane,conſaittes canonicall, Pſal.49
But by his Sonne,that hath fulfilled the Lawe,
And ſatiſfied,the Father ones for all,
By offring of his bodie naturall. Heb.9.&
Vpon the croce,for vs ſinners to die: 10.
Whoſe death and paſſione,made vs captiues fre. Ephe.5.

Rom. 7. Where we were dead in ſinne, and did remane,
And was condempned, after Moyſes Law,
Gal. 3. Yet hathe his death, vs broght on liue agane,
Heb. 2, 9 And ſhewes to vs yͤ yock, that we ſhould drawe,
The word of God, yͤ which doeth planelie ſhawe,
1. Cor. 15 1. Tim. 2. How we are onelie, by Chriſt all iuſtified.
And by his riſing are alſo glorified.

Wherefore great cauſe we haue, to be content,
Thogh for thy ſake, we ſuffre wo and pyne,
Sith we are perteners, of thy Teſtament,
Eſa. 49. Of thy promeſſe, and of thy word deuyne,
As Iſai ſaith, in the fourtie and nyne,
May any mother, ſuffre hir eyes beforne:
Hir ſonne to pereſhe, of hir bodie borne.

And thogh ſhe do, forget hir childe ſo deir,
Idem. Yet all the flock, that will on me depend,
I ſhall not them forget, I to you ſweir,
And when my people, haue done me offend,
By the contrair, I ſeke them to amend.
Ezec. 18. Come ſaith Chriſt, who will their ſinnes cōſidder:
That I may giue them, life and health to gidder.

Come with innocence, thogh ye ſhuld be ſlaine,
Gen. 4, Come to me, for I am ane rightious iudge,
7, 19, 22. I am iuſt Abell, I am not wicked Caine,
Come to my arke, and ſeke at me refuge,
For I am Noye, and the ſecond deluge,
Come to me in faith, as did Abraham,
And Iſaac, that ſignified the lam.

Come all ſinners, for your owne behoue, Mat.11.
Come not as the Scribes, with hypocriſie, & 23.
Come vnto me, for kindnes and for loue,
Come as Naaman, for I am Eliſie, 2.Reg.5
Come on and I ſhall clenge your leproſie.
I am Moſes: and Joſue that wan, Num.6.
To you, the frutefull land of Canaan. Joſue 10

Come till me, I am faithfull Joſias, 2.Reg.
I preſent Dauid, Scripture makes mentione, 23.
I ſlewe your olde enemie Golias, 1.Sam.
For your defence, I am migthie Samſone, 17.
Seke my ſapience, for I am Salomon: Judi.15.
Come with faith, as the Fathers and Prophetes, 1.Reg.3.
Come with repentance, as the Niniuites. Jonas 3

Come all that are liper: Lazere and Deif, Mat.12.
Come all that are, with maladie moleſt,
Come brigand, fornicatour, and come theif,
Come ſeke at me remeid, and leue in reſt, Mar.3.
Ye that are mad, and with the deuill poſſeſt,
Come to me, ye that long tyme blinde haue beine, Luc.11.
That I maye oppen your mindes, & inward eine.

Come ye that walk in darknes night and daye,
So that ye will, to my text take regaird, Esa.46.
Come vnto me, for I caſt none awaye,
That will repent, with heart and minde inward,
Knock on your conſcience, and ye ſhall be hard, Col.2.
Be not ſeduced by mennis doctrine nor wind,
Come ſeke at me, attones and ye ſhall find.

Eternall lyfe, that euer ſhall remane,
Joh.6. And paſſe not on the paines corporall,
Thogh ye were dead, yet ſhall ye liue agane,
Come all ſinners, that will for mercie call,
Come vnto me, and I ſhall ſaue you all,
That bound and fettred is in ſinnes barge:
Matt.11. Come vnto me, I ſhall you clene diſcharge.

Come to me, vſurairs auaritious,
Come all, that wranguſlie haue boght and ſolde,
Luc. 19. Come gredie wormes, on earth ſo couettous,
Climme vp the treis, of your conſcience colde,
Climme as did Zacheus, me to beholde,
That reſtoird foure folde, for ilk vſure:
Syne of his goodes, the half gaue to the pure.

Come with an liuelie faith, firme and ſtable,
As did the Cananian, in the Goſpell:
Mat. 13. That required as dog, vnder the table,
To gadder crōmes, from Goddes word that fell,
To heall hir doghter, and to ſaue hir ſell,
Come alſo ye women, of lyfe prophane,
Come with repentance, as did the Magdalane.

The death of an ſinner, I do not deſire,
Ezec.19. All thogh he haue bene, long tyme deafe and dum,
But rather that he ſhuld, life at me require,
O Lord, theſe are ſweit sayinges all and ſum
Yet without the, I can not to the cum.
Conuert thou me, then ſhall I be conuerted,
Iere.17 Diuert thou me, then ſhall I be diuerted.

From ſinne, o Lord, that doeth me ſoir moleſt,
Since thou to me, haſt made ſo fair an triſte,
without the, Lord, my concience hes no reſt,
Strengthen my ſpirit, and to thy ſelfe it tiſte, Ioh. 16
I pray the in the Name: of Ieſus Chriſt,
Which hathe vs ſaid, what thing ye aſke & craiſ:
My father in my Name, ye ſhall it haif.

In Chriſtes Name, we ſhould onelie demand,
Sith he hathe cled him ſelf, with our natoure,
And at none other, him ſelfe did ſo command,
For that ilk Chriſt, is our Mediatoure,
For our offence, to God the plaſmatoure.
Our aduocat our freynd, and eik our iudge: 1. Ioh. 2.
Our aſperance, our comfort and refuge.

Now will I no more, ſtand in aw or feir, Pſal. 117
To entre in thy holie houſe, and temple,
My Lord, my God, to come and drawe the neir,
For conſolation, in heart I ſhall contemple,
Thy holie parable and godlie ſweit exemple,
As in ſainct Lukes Goſpell, is written plane:
Their was an certane man, had ſonnes twane. Luc. 15.

The yongeſt ſonne, before his father ſtude,
And him beſoght, of his benignitie,
That he might haue, his bairnes parte of gude, Idem.
Whiche his father, deuided equallie,
Syne he went forthe, in till an ſtrainge cuntrie,
Where he his parte, conſumed in one while,
In prodigalitie, and in pleaſures vile.

Syne after had ſuche honger and ſuche neid,
Exiled from his Father: and his kinne,
Idem. That with the ſwyne, he was compeld to feid,
But when that he, bethoght him of his ſinne,
How many are, my Fathers houſe withine:
Of hyred ſeruandes, that hes bread at will,
And I his Sonne, for falt is like to ſpill.

I will, vnto my my father and confeſſe,
How I am worthie, for to be reproued,
I will him grant, my ſinne and wickedneſſe,
Idem. But the father, before with pietie moued,
[illegible] Ranne till his ſonne, and ſaid my dear beloued,
Thou art welcome, and cled him from the colde,
Syne on his finger, put a ring of golde.

And ſlewe the fat calf, that was holden deir,
Thogh the eldeſt ſonne their on wold not feid,
Idem, To welcome his yongeſt ſonne & make good cheir,
Then ſaid the father, let all blithnes proceid,
My ſonne is found on liue, that before was deid:
Lord here I ſee thy great beatitude:
And do conſidder my owne ingratitude.

It is I wretche, from the father exild,
Rom. 7. It is I, my conſcience hathe me accuſed,
It is ô Lord; that is the wandring child,
The giftes thou me gaue, I haue abuſed,
And contrare thy command haue them paruſed,
And them conſumed, in prodigalitie:
Luc. 19. Following my luſt and ſenſualitie.

So now great hongare, reignes in this land,
That all kinne people,in parrell is to tyne,
For falt of Goddes worde and his command,
And I compeld till eat with mekill pyne, Amos 8.
That whiche is meiter for dogs and for ſwine,
Haue I not cauſe,for to be ſad and wo?
When I think on the houſe that I came fro.

Where their is an aboūdāce,of ẏ heauēlie bread,
But I allas,haue done my ſelf miſgyde,
That my ſinnes,theiron will not let me feid,
What ſhall I do?or where ſhall I me hyde? Rom.7.
Or ſhall I ſtill into my ſinne abyde?
With repentance is better that I murne,
And yet agane,to my father returne.

Perchance,he mercie will vpon me haue,
I truſt he will me ſuccour,in my neid,
When with repentance,I it aſke and craue,
Then ſhall I pray him that he take no heid, Ezec.18.
To my folie,nor to my wicked deid,
And to my ſinnes paſt,haue no regaird:
Nor after my deſeruinges,me rewaird. Iob. 17.

That his iuſtice,to me haue no reſpect,
Where I haue walked,long tyme vndiſcreit, Rom.11.
But that his mercie,make me his elect,
And as I thoght theſe wordes,in my ſpreit,
Their did appeir,to me an father ſweit,
That notwithſtanding,my ſinne did me imbrace:
And from my ſinnes,he did remoue his face. Eſa.44.

Syne did command,in haiſt for my defence.
That in the booke of life I ſhould be rold,
And cled me with an robe,of innocence,
And on my finger,put an ring of gold,
Luc.15. Whiche is the liuelie faith,that I ſhould hold.
And with that hand,where the ring did repoſe:
He gaue me bread to eat,more ſweit nor roſe.

Syne for my loue,the beſt fed calf was keild:
Act.3. That worldlie wiſdome on an croice gart bleid,
Which calf was Chriſt,our onelie ſtaye and beild,
Heb.9. Who ſaid to me,my owne brother take heid,
Who truſtes in me,ſhall neuer ſee the deid,
Ioh.11. And thoght they were in ſinne dead , man & wyfe
Yet ſhall they liue,and haue eternall lyfe.

My liuelie dead I tholed for thy behoue,
Col.2. Hathe Adãs ofſpring , frõ Satans bãdes driued,
Heb.2. Thou mon beleue,with hope to reigne aboue,
O death in lyfe,by Chriſtes death arriued,
Gal.2. We that were dead,are by his death reuiued,
Rom.7. We are all dead,as concerning the Law,
And yet we liue, throw Chriſtes death we knaw.

1.Ioh.2. O Lord my God,Chriſt my Mediatour,
That tholed death,for my ſaluatione,
Ephe.5. Weſhe,clenge:and purge , my poyſoned natoure,
Tit.3. With liuelie water,of regeneratione,
That I ſe no more,the ſeparatione,
Ioh.14. Of the and me,my Lord,my God:and King,
But in the heauen,with the that I may ring.

But giue me knowledge, of thy holie worde,
And cauſe it, throw my inward partes rinne, Heb.4.
Perce yͧ my heart, with that two edged ſworde,
And that it ſtill remaine, my harte withinne,
Whil thou this ſpirit take, from this corps of ſinne,
Then thy right waye, ſhall I parſaue and finde: Rom.7.
And walk no more, ſtumbling as I were blinde.

To vnderſtand that word, ſhall giue me plane, Deut.4.
If I with mekenes do it humblie reid,
What is the trwe meate, of an Chriſtiane?
Allanerlie ſince no man leues on breid,
But by the worde: which doeth of God proceid,
Lord thou art high brade, lenth and latitude, Mat. 4.
Stloth ſerene, the pure and pleſand ſlude.

I come to the, to weſhe me in that place,
Thou knowes well, I am the blinde man borne,
Refuſe me not, but grant me of thy grace,
Since for my ſake thou beatten was and torne, Ioh.9.
Suffre me not, o Lord, to be forlorne,
Nor led with blinde, thogh I blindnes deſire,
To go and trampe, in euerie dub and myre.

Oppen my inward eyne, and giue me ſight,
O Lord, and make me one of thy appointed, 1.Ioh.2,
That I may iudge, the darknes by the light: & 4.
And ſay that it is Ieſus, Godes oynted, Ephe.1.
That with his precious blood hath me anointed. Heb.1,9
And me redemed hathe from captiuitie: & 10.
And hathe me geuen the Spirit of libertie.

The deafnes, Lord forthe of my eyres chace,
With vanities, pleaſures: and idilnes,
Eſa.15. That I may hear thy worde, and it imbrace,
Luc.1. Louſe thou my tongue, that I may teache expres,
That holie worde, and dalie it confes.
Sen thou haſt ſaid, let not my yocke the greue,
Joh.17. For if thou will, in my promeſſe beleue.

Thou ſhall dwell in me, and I in the remane,
If thou byde conſtant, withoutten halt or hink
To comfort the, in thy trauell and pane,
Joh.6. In thy drouthe, thou ſhall haue my blood to drink,
And in thy heart, if that trwe faith can ſink,
My bodie thou ſhall haue, and fleſhe to eit:
To fede the inward man, the lyfe and ſpreit.

Remembring thereby, my death and paſſione,
1.Cor.11 Untill I come, kepe the ſame in memorie,
For they receaue their owne damnatione,
That eattes this Sacrament, vnworthelie,
Making no difference, of the Lordes bodie,
Therefore let one man iudge him ſelfe and ſyne,
2.Cor.13 Let him come eat the bread, and drink the wyne.

Right many are with maladies confuſed,
And do periſhe at length, without remeid,
2.Chr.11. Becauſe they haue this Sacrament abuſed;
And many ſlepes, to the ſecond deid,
Becauſe, they haue not thereof taken heid;
Lord ſlocken me, with drink celeſtiall.
That no dregges, nor poyſone papiſticall.

Haue puiſſance,to entre my heart withinne,
Whoſe dregges hath done,ẏ whole world delude,
Which is but draffe,and ſatlinges full of ſinne:
The Lordes word and promeſſe,is my fude, Ioh.6.
He hath me fed,in faith with fleſhe and blude.
He is the bread of life,the which ſhall geue,
Pardon of ſinne,to all that will beleue.

He is the Sacrament:and lambe Paſchall;
That ones for all,hath made ane offring: Leuit.18
His precious bloode,hath ranſoned vs all, Deut.21.
He was for vs curſt:and on an croce did hing: Pſal.40 Heb.2.
That curſe till vs,he chainged in bleſſing. Gal.3.
And ſo ſaue his elect,for verye loue,
He gaue him ſelfe,to death for their behoue.

And from the dead,to life he roiſe againe,
In to his naturall bodie ſenſible, Ioh.21.
Syne to his Apoſtles appeared plaine,
That they might all ſee,his bodie viſible, Mar.16.
Syne to his Father,that is inuiſible,
He aſcended from them,thogh they did murne:
And promeſt,at the laſt daye for to returne. Act.1.

In that ſame bodie,that he roſe from deid,
Which bodie,doeth remane in heauen alwaye,
And ſitteth on Godds right hand,as ſaith ẏ creid, Heb.10.
And ſhall not ſteir,nor moue,as Paull doeth ſaye,
Whill the laſt trompet ſound,at domeſdaye,
If it ſo be,fleſhe nor eye corruptable?
May not him ſe,which is vncorruptable.

Nor yet their is no mouth, nor hand mortall
Nor yͤ marchantes, thereof thoght they be wraith,
May eat or touche, his bodie naturall,
But all the faithfull, as the Scripture ſaith,
Do eat his fleſhe, and drink his blood in faith,
And till he come, hath left that ordinance:
In ſigne of his death, and our deliuerance.

Malac.1. As for the oblatione, and ſacrifice,
Offred by Chãnons, Mõckes, Prieſtes & Freris,
Eccle.5. For quick, and dead, founded on auarice,
Their Sacrifice, in Goddes ſight apperis,
As clothe polluted, cum menſtruo mulieris,
Who will not confeſſe, all readie that Chriſt:
1.Ioh.4 Is come in fleſhe he is, ane Antechriſt.

They deny Chriſt, thoſe fals Prophetes prophane,
Heb.9. Since he is come, bothe dead and buried,
Gal.2. That will him newlinges, ſlay and kill agane,
The Sacrifice of the olde Law pacified:
Rom.6. The Father, whill his Sonne was ſacrified.
Heb.10. Which is come, and offred ons for all,
But ſince that he is come, as ſaith ſainct Paull:

And for our ſinnes, hath ſuffred paſſione,
Seing that he, is riſſin and glorified,
Idem. The Father, will no newe oblatione.
He will be now adored, and magnified
Chriſt will no more, for ſinnes be ſacrified,
He will now be loued, feard ſerued and dred:
And will no more, with Sacrifice be fed.

It is onelie thou,o Ieſu Chriſt my Lord,
It is thou,o ſweit Lambe immaculat, 1.Ioh.2.
I pray the Lord,to be miſericord: 1.Tim.2
And thogh,that I ſhuld be vituperat,
Of all my freindes,and excommunicat: Ioh. 16.
Scorged,ſcorned:impriſoned and blamed, Rom.7.
Yet of thy worde ſhall I not be eſchamed.

But I ſhall boldlie ſay,in euerie ſteid,
And confeſſe before men,bothe morne and euen, Act.4.
That their is none other,can giue remeid,
Nor yet none other name,in earth nor heauen: Luc. 10.
That for ſaluatione,is to mankinde geuen, 1.Pet.1.
Nor grace,nor life,that can till vs inſwe,
But onelie,in the name of Chriſt Ieſwe. Act.4.

And yet til al them,that his word doeth mock,
And dailie do,their owne traditiones houlde Mat. 21.
He his an ſtumbling ſtone,and ſnapring block, Pſal. 118
To all that wold entre,in his ſhepe foulde,
By an other way,nor him ſelfe hathe toulde, Ioh. 10.
To them that ſekes,by inuentions ſubtiles: Eſa. 28.
To ſaue them,by their workes inutiles.

Ye that your owne good,intentes eſtemes, Idem.
To ſeke the word of God,that is ſo ſweit,
Ariſe and walk,forthe of your ſlipꝛie dremes,
In ſlepe ye are charged,and may not ſteir, Ephes.5
With heauie burdinges,impoſſible to beir: Mat.23.
So that an greate febure,moued with heit,
Hath ſurmonted,your ſenſes and yur ſpreit. Eſa.16.

Oſee 9,& 10. Which makes you raiſ, & ſaye ye wait not what,
That Goddes worde, & holie Scripture blames,
An thouſand thinges, againes yͤ trueth God wat,
I walk, forthe of your filthie dreames infames,
And vſe the counſell, of the Apoſtle James:
Jacob.1. Who that hathe faute, of ſapience ſaith he,
Let aſke of God, which geueth aboundantlie.

To euerie man, and doeth none deceaue,
Joh.16. Nor yet no kinde of natione, will he lack,
What thing ye aſk, in faith ye ſhall it haue,
Come all that will repent, and be not ſlak,
Mat.9. That he may take the burdinges of your back:
He is our Lord, our Sauiour and Maiſter,
He makes the wound, ſyne ſetteth on the plaiſter.

At his owne pleaſure, and not at our will,
None of vs, are found iuſte, afore his face,
Rom. 9. Our owne nature, can wirke no good but ill
Ephe.2. If we haue goodnes, it is not of our race:
Nor yet of our ſelues, but by Goddes grace,
By his grace, I which was an oliue wilde:
Rom.11. Is grafted in faith, and become his childe.

Participant of the free oliue faire,
Idem. Where I was before, baſtard and none other,
He hathe me made, his lauchfull ſonne and aire:
Luc.15. And eik partaker, with my eldeſt brother,
Where I had but an concubine to mother,
And come laſt to laubour, in the wyne,
Mat.20. Yet with the firſt, I gat my iuſte propyne.

O Lord I do the pray, with heart and minde,
Thogh the Antechriſt, be fallin in extaſie,
Yet haue reſpect, to that viper vnkinde,
That blindes the worlde, with his Idolatrie: Apoc.13.
Be mercifull to him, and let him ſe,
And perſaue, his owne preuaricationes:
Where with he blindeth, all kind of nationes.

I loſe my tyme, for ſo he will not wirk,
For that vngodlie beaſt, is no remeid,
Is he not cheif of his vnknowne kirk: 1.Joh.5.
Sainct John in his epiſtle, biddeth me take heid,
Their is ſaith he, an certaine ſinne to deid,
For the which ſinne I wiſhe no man to praye:
The beaſt cōmitteth yͤ ſinne, bothe night & daye.

I meine the ſinne, againſt the holie Spreit, Heb.6.&
With that ſinne no man ought to play nor bourd, 10.
To pray for Goddes foo, it is not meit,
He is his foo, that foo is till his word, Rom.11.
That ouer al where, with paines fyre and ſword, Prouer.
Doeth ſeke to ſlay, and perſecute expreſſe: 23.
All them that will, trwelie that word confeſſe.

Lord frie vs, from his conſtitutiones,
And do not ſuffre, thine elect to fall, Joh.17.
In the pit, of his deuiliſhe traditiones, Esa.5.
Which holdē hathe ſo long, thy Churche in thrall, Osee 12.
By his inuentiones Diabolicall:
Eiect him forthe and all his, euen and od, 2.Teſ.2.
The forlorne ſonne, that in the temple of God.

As God him ſelf hath roing, eaſt weſt & South,
And done the world, after his ſolictiſt,
Thou hes promeiſt, with the ſpirit of thy mouth,
2.Teſ.2. For till diſtroye, and kill that Antechriſt:
For his preſuming equalitie with Chriſt,
The refulgent ſplendour, of thy comming:
Shall ſone to darknes driue that beaſt maling.

Then ſhall the heauie burdinges importables,
Of mennes doctrines and their vaine command,
Mat.23. Alleged in their lawes deceiueables,
Luc.11. That none but them ſelues, could vnderſtand,
Where with the conſciēce, of ſimple mē they band,
Then ſhall their ſuperſtitiones in an ſtound,
Apoc.20 With mekil ſhame: be broght vnto the ground,

Apoc.7. Then ſhal the word of God: be ſhawn compleit,
Which ſhall darken, the doctrine of the hure
Ioh.4. And God him ſelf, adored in faith and Spirit,
But not in images nor painted portrature:
Which are againſt the Law, and the Scripture,
Deut.4. To make any kind of ſimilitude:
In heauen nor earth, in water ſea nor flude.

Nor till worſhip the werk, of mennes handes,
But to ſet all idolatrie aſyde:
Exod.20. As thow may planelie read, in the commandes:
Who maketh them, or in them doeth confide,
Shall with them all in Goddes wrath abide,
Who worſheppes images, it is no bourd,
Pſal.113. Let them allone, and follow Goddes word.

Who worſheppes idoles committeth idolatrie, Sapi.14.
More greuous, nor can he expreſſ with pen:
And in Goddes ſight, no greatter ſinne can be, Ezech. 6 & 43.
By this, ye may plainelie perſaue and ken:
All doctrine vaine, that founded is by men, Luc.15.
Come ſaith Chriſt, all ye my aduerſairs, Mat. 11.
To my trew worde and ſeke your neceſſairs.

Come ſeke your health, & als the Lords renoū, Deut. 5. & 17.
And vſe no more, the folie of your brane:
As is written, in Deuteronomium,
If the wicked in vice, will ſtill remane:
Then ſhall I ſtill augment, his wo and pane,
But he that loueth me, him ſhall I defend, Eccle.19
Againſt all them, that darre him vilipend.

Againes kinges, realmes and gouernoures,
That of their power, and their puiſſance boſtes, Iosue 1.
Againes ſtrengthes, caſtelles, townes & toures,
I ſhall them curage, in all contries & coſtes,
That they ſhall fear, none but the Lord of hoſtes,
They ſhall be my belouittes euerie whair, Apoc.21.
And I ſhall be their God, for euer mair.

They ſhal build on me, & I ſhall be there groūd,
I am the ſtable rock, that will not ſteir, 1.Cor.2.
Then may they ſay, with feruent faith profound,
Sen God is my defence, I do not feir, Esa.51.
That man can wirk me wo, or do me deir, Psal.117
Who can then be againes vs, late or air:
Sen God hath done him ſelfe for vs declair. Rom.8.

Gen.3. SEn Chriſt hath brokē for vs,the ſerpētes heid,
And hath him hurled, headlinges in the flamme,
Apoc.20 Who dare preſumme,to bargan or to pleid?
Aganes the Lordes elect,or them condampne:
For his choſen are ſaued,by the lambe:
Rom.8. Which lambe is he,that doeth vs iuſtifie
And his iuſtice,our fleſhe doeth mortifie.

Their is nothing, but goodnes with the Lord,
Idem. In him their is,no condempnatione,
But all charite,and miſericord:
And if we chance,to fall in vexatione,
1.Cor.10 The end ſhalbe good,of our temptatione:
How can ye excuſe your monſtoures infect?
Eccle.41 That to the death deliueres his elect.

The pit that ye do, for vs dig and delue,
As did fals Haman,for Mordocheus:
Is that ſame pit, where ye ſhall fall your ſelue,
Eſdr.7. Wicked Haman,ſuperbe and glorious:
Did ſignifie,olde Satan venemous,
Eſther and onelie,Chriſtes trwe elect,
King aſſuerus,God that wold them not eiect.

Iere.32. It is well knowen,how ye haue done miſgide,
What through your ignorāce, & what through ire,
Ezec.34. The blind world,that in you doeth confide,
Zach.10. For all is but blindnes,that ye require:
Who ſekes the light, ye do them burne with fyre,
Mat.10. What?for the fleſhe the mater is but ſmall,
Ye haue no puiſſance,ouer the Spirit nor ſaull.

The birning of ilk one, ye do oppreſſe,
That for the Goſpelles ſake is dreuen to deid:
To Goddes glorie, one thouſand doeth increſſe,
Gamaliell in the Actes ye may reid, Act.5.
Gaue you wiſe counſell, if you wolde take heid:
When that they preached, at Jeruſalem,
Saying, if that their doctrine be of men.

Their doctrine can not laſte, I you aſſure,
But in ſhort tyme, ſhall vaniſhe as an bourd:
And if it be of God, It ſhall indure, Idem.
The Apoſtles doctrine was Goddes wourd,
But your doctrine, is fagott fyre and ſwourd:
For till diſtroy, and put all to confuſione, Jere.10.
Who will not draw, the yock of your abuſione.

Thogh ye vs perſecut, withoutten pietie,
Yet Jeſus Chriſt, hathe by his prouidence: Mat. 10.
Commanded vs to flie, from towne to citie,
To void your furie, and your negligence: Apoc. 17
Whill tyme approche, of Goddes preſcience,
For your abuſione, beginnes now to appeir, 1.Joh.2.
Before all them that haue, the lantern cleir.

Of Goddes worde, how ye wilde aſſes rude,
With wholſome heirbes, ẏ neuer was acquented, Eſa.32.
Hathe now vſurped, the paſtures and the fude,
Of the good flock, of Goddes owne anointed:
Whill the tyme be runne, that is appointed,
O holie Spirit, puyſſant conſolatore:
Come, be gouernour and eike tranſlatore: Joh. 14.

Deut. 11. Of the poore world,that leueth in ignorance,
And is onelie,on their owne mindes muſed:
Eſa.6. That ignorance,be not there eſperance,
Mar.6. Thogh they haue bene,theſe manye yeres cōfuſed,
And with fals doctrine,this long tyme abuſed:
Pſal.6. Yet let thy electione,alwaye obtene,
Rom.11. That which thy iuſtice,may no way preuene.

And rather make it,to all nationes plane,
Pſal.60. That they may knowe,their blindnes and arriſe:
1.Cor.1. How worldlie wit,and wiſdome is but vane,
& 2. Sen God hath ſaid,the poore that ye diſpyſe,
Yet ſhall their fooliſhnes,confound the wiſe,
Not with highnes,nor gloir as writeth Paull,
Nor with no ornat ſpeche rhetoricall.

Idem. But in the puiſſance,of Chriſt crucified,
And not by mannes witt:nor his prudence,
For mannes wiſdome,hathe not vs purified:
Sainct Paull preched,none other ſapience,
But the high myſteries,of Goddes preſcience,
Unknowen to prelattes,that for auarice:
Gal.3. Of gold or ſiluer,giftes or benefice:

Wold the ignorant world,to them draw,
Malach. And doeth thereof,the whole riches poſſeid,
2,& 3. And with that ſtrength,defendes their rite & law,
They will ouer princes reigne,in euery ſteid,
Phil. 3. And will not to the worde of Paull take heid,
Saying,in compair of the worde deuine:
I do eſteme the reſt,but filthe and ſlime.

I haue not whereof,to boiſt I grant,
But of the manye ſtripes,that I haue wonne Gal.6.
O God forbid,that I my ſelf do vant,
But in Chriſtes croce, as firſt I haue begonne,
To preache his word,whil that my glas be ronne
I haue no gloir,nor none I will me take,
But where as I haue thoild for Chriſtes ſake.

Who that is perſecute,for Chriſtes Loye,
God,that the heartes of the faithfull tryes, Mat.10.
Shall their perſute,tourne till eternall ioye:
For who will be(ſaith Paul)diſtreit or wyſe
Muſte at all tyme, their owne wiſdome diſpryſe.
Praying to God,contenuall all and ſome: 1.Cor.3.
That they may fooles and idiottes become.

For worldlie wiſdome,will neuer be content,
Nor neuer will,the fleſhe perſuade nor tiſte: Mat.16.
To thoill the earthlie wo,and paines preſent,
To them that trwelie hes made,an faithfull triſte, 1.Ioh.2.
To walk after the will:of Ieſus Chriſte,
For they muſte,or they entre in the gloir, 2.Tim.3
Pas through that pathe,their maſter paſt befoir. Mat.10.

Paull writand,as the holie Spirit him taught,
Of the diuine nature ſupernaturall,
Unto the Romains in the cheptour aught,
How God the Father,frome the originall, Rom.8.
Hath knawne the faithfull:and elect them all,
To be like the form,and image euer mair:
Of Ieſus Chriſt,the Sonne of God preclair.

Faithfull Chriſtians,what demand ye more,
Since God hathe giuen to you ſuche conforting:
1.Joh.3. Is their more greater honour,laud and gloir:
As to be portrait,in euerie kinde of thing,
To Jeſus Chriſt,the Sonne of God our King,
Col.3. At the laſt day,with Chriſt our Maſter deir,
Like to him ſelf(ſaith John)we ſhall appeir.

Chriſt ſaith,who that wold my diſciple be,
Luc.9. Forſake him ſelf,againes the worlde ſtryue:
Take vp my croce,and beir it after me,
I grant ther is no creature,on lyue,
Mat.10. But they wold all be ſaued,man and wyfe,
I confeſſe,all wold reigne with Chriſt in blis
But fewe are like,the Sonne of God in this.

The Sonne of God,our Maſter or he rang,
Mat.2. Receaued humilitie,and abhorred pryde:
Luc.22. Was crucified,and tholed paines ſtrang,
And durſt not long,in to no place abyde,
Joh.8. Baneiſt,and had no hole,his heid to hide:
He was blaſphemed,they ſaid ſay we not weill,
Away Samaritane poſſeſſed with the deill.

For who wold be like,the Sonne of God,
Col.3. Like him muſt ſhape,their cleathing ⁊ their weid,
Syne bear his croce,through euerie pathe ⁊ rod:
Mat.16. If we wold reigne,vncrucified in deid,
Mar.8. We are not like to Chriſt,our cheffe and heid,
God haith ordained,all that with Chriſt ſhal ring:
Luc.9. For to be like to Chriſt,in euerie thing.

Their is no waye,to entre in to gloir, Rom. 8.
Their is no helpe,their is none other choiſe:
But as the Sonne of God,hathe gone befoir, Luc. 9.
He is the waye,his ſhepe they hear his voiſe, Joh. 10.
They follow him, thy bear his marke and croiſe:
God the Father,in his counſell deuine, Eſa. 50.
Determined,by ſuffring woo and pine:

That Jeſu Chriſt,ſhoulde entre in repoſe,
Since the diuinitie,did ſo decreit, Eſa. 61.
So it behoued,this bleſſed heauenlie roſe:
Shoulde ſuffre death,to make the worke cōpleit,
As God the Father,had ordained in Spreit,
Some ſaith yͤ the Scripture:⁊ Prophettes trwe, Luc. 9.
Spake and meined,but onelie of Chriſt Jeſu.

I anſuer,the prouidence eternall,
Before the worlde,as now it ſees and ſaw, Epheſ. 1.
Comprehending,all thinges vniuerſall: 1. Cor. 11.
The cermonicall,Scriptures ye knaw,
Are finiſhed in Chriſt,end of the Law. Col. 1.
But yet the Scriptures,follow vpon vs: Rom. 8.
That are membres of his Sonne Chriſt Jeſus.

The holie Spirit(of God)ſaith Paull expreſſe,
That wirketh daye and night,for our behoue,
To our ſpirit,beareth record and witneſſe,
That we are children,of the Lord aboue,
Alſo coheritoures,with Chriſt throw loue,
(Saith Paull) if we ſuffre with him in deid:
We ſhall be alſo,with him glorifeid.

Except we ſuffre,and our ſelues dant,
Mat.10. The holie Spirit,maketh narratione,
Mar.10. We ſhall no wayes,be participant,
Of Jeſus Chriſtes death,and paſſione.
Except we bear,the croce of tribulatione,
2.Tim.2 Jf we think ſhame,his croce to bear and take:
Likewiſe ſaith Paull,he will vs clene forſake.

Leuit.2. Jn to the Leuitt Law,God gaue cōmand,
To all Jſraell,that they ſhould neuer tyre,
To ſalt all ſacrifice,and all offrand,
But in the nynt of marke,Chriſt doeth require,
Mar. 9. His ſeruandes,to be ſeaſoned with fyre,
Jf they will be,of his religione:
To ſalt them ſelues,with perſecutione.

Prepair you,o vnfeinzeid Chriſtians,
To paſſe,ſe that ye be all readie dreſt,
1.Cor.3. This purgatore,to the Corinthians,
That Paull in to,the thrid cheptour expreſt,
Where euerie work,ſhall be manifeſt,
Jn the daye of temptatione,and of fyre:
The croce of tribulatione,is that fyre.

Jdem. That fyre ſhall trie,our workes euen and od,
To riche nor poore,it will haue no reſpect,
Joh.16. Their ſhall be ſene, who is like yͤ Sonne of God,
It is neidfull,that all the faithfull Sect,
2.Tim.3 Be tryed by fyre,that are his trwe elect:
Jud.8. As were all they,that loued Chriſtes Impyre:
Proued and tryed,by that fellone fyre.

Abell the iuſte,by his owne brother Cain, Gen.4,
Thogh he offended him,in to no caice, & 7.
Was he not put to death,by him and ſlaine?
Noye with all kind of foules,and beaſtes raice,
Was cloſed on the ſea,an yeres ſpaice,
Abraham,father of all fidelitie, Rom.4.
Had he not dailie,great aduerſitie?

When ſundrie tymes,for dreddour of his life, Gen. 12,
For hongare,famine,and tribulatione, 14,20,22 & 23.
Behoued to denie,his propre wife,
Loth in Sodome,had great vexatione,
Iſaac,had he not great temptatione?
When his father,obeyng Goddes commande,
Vpon an altar,lyke one lambe him band,

To cut his neck,all readie was an knyfe,
Whill that his father,perſaued well and ſaw,
That Goddes Angell,came to ſaue his lyfe,
Twentie yeres,durſt not Iacob,ye knaw, Gen.27.
Come to Canaan,for feir of Eſaw, & 37.
Ioſephes owne brethren,put him in an caue:
And ſyne him ſolde,in Egypt for an ſlaue.

Where his maſters,accuſed him in diſpite,
And into priſone impetiouſlie was donne, Gen.39.
For not fulfilling:of her appetite,
Moyſes walde rather,with Godds people wōne, Exod.12
Nor to be called,king Pharoes daughters ſonne.
Moyſes,thy Spirit before did clearlie ſe: Heb.11.
Where Salomon ſaid,it were better be.

With the humble,in paines and diſtreſſe,
Prouer. Nor with the glorious,bothe night and daye,
16. To parte buſhelles of gold, and great richeſſe:
Joſſue,that ſtill did the Lord obaye,
At whoſe requeſt,the Sonne for him did ſtaye,
What tribulatione,had he,or he wan?
Joſu.10. The land of promeſſe,called Canaan.

Godlie Debora,what ſhe tholed in eard,
Jud.4. When vnderneth,ẏ palme trie was her luges,
Jud.7. Beholde and read,in Judicum the feard,
What Gideon ſuffred,with ſmale refuges,
J do report me:to the book of Judges,
What petious paines,had Jephteth Gileadeit?
Jud.11. When he:his onelie daughter ſacrifeit.

Judi.13, Samſone,bleſſed of God omnipotent,
& 14. Nazarien,that oynted was with oyle:
And for his ſtrength,Meſſias did preſent,
Had he not,perſecutione paine and dule?
Jdem 16 They breſt his eyne,and vſed him as an fule,
Dauid prince of Prophettes,in Spirit exparte:
That God did cheſe,after his verie hart.

Againes Saull,the moſte part of his lyfe,
1.Sam. In woddes,in willdernes:and great exile,
19,22,23. He had but perſecutione,paine and ſtrife,
After Saull,Abſolon within an while,
His father chaiſt,and did his bed defile,
2. Sam. Dauid ſuffred,all theſe probationes,
15. Without murmour,or exclamationes.

Wel

Welcome he ſaid,welcome thy holie will,
Thy pleaſure mot all waye,in me be planted,
I haue ſuffred,and readie to ſuffre ſtill, 1.Sam. 26.
O worde deuine,o outward man well danted,
O faith and hope,in till an heart well hanted.
When Samuell,by prophecie deuine:
Declared till Eli,his great ruine.

Eli ſaid,is he not maſter principall? 1.Sam.3
His wayes are iuſt,and full of equitie,
His will mot be fulfilled,on vs all,
Tobie for afflictione,nor miſerie: Tob.3.
He neuer left,the waye of veritie.
Patient Iob:to thy booke I me reporte, Iob 23.
If thou haſt paſt,this fyre in double ſorte.

What ſhall I ſaye, what Prophet now let ſee?
What righteous man,that to the trueth is geuen?
Hathe ſhawn the worde of God,and ſcapit free,
In the actes,for witnes I take ſainct Steuen, Act.7.
Saying theſe wordes,in the cheptour ſeuen,
Which of the Prophettes,that ye in writt of reid?
Hathe not your Fathers perſecute till deid.

Like as they did,none of the Prophets ſpair,
But for to ſlay them,thoght it ſport and bourde, Mat. 4,
So did they Iohn , that Prophet was and mair, 11,& 17,
Euen as the ennemies,of Goddes holie wourd,
From the beginning,with knife fyre and ſwourd,
As they his ſeruandes vſed,with death and Rod:
So haue they done,the verie Sonne of God. 1.Theſ, 2.

Since God the Father,in his proper perſone,
Rom. 8. Hath not forborne,but thoght it right and ſkill,
That Jeſus Chriſt,his dear and onelie ſone,
Mar. 15. Shoulde ſuffre death,the Scriptures to fulfill,
That wicked mē, might wirk on him their will,
Thus if we ſtart,for puniſhment vntrue:
Mat.10. We are not like our maſter Chriſt Jeſu.

No ſeruand ſhould,diſdane nor yet abhore,
Idem. When with licence,at table ſet he is,
To drink ſuch drink:as drank his Lord before,
Ioh.15. For no diſciple,nor no ſeruand I wis,
Mat.12. Is greater nor his Lord,and Maſter is:
If Belzebub,they did the maſter call,
Luc.11. How mekill more,his houſhold ſeruandes all.

2.Cor.11 The enemies,of Goddes word are borne,
For till rewarde,with croce and double hire,
The poſtles as,the Prophettes was beforne,
To be like Chriſt,Paull thou had great deſire,
Thou was oft purged,and clenged in that fyre,
When thou receaued,with ſtoūdes and diſtreſſe:
Act.14. Two hundreth woūdes,ſauing one wound leſſe.

2.Cor.11 They ſcourged thy bodie thre tymes attones,
Thy ſpirit in patience,ſtill it did abound,
Act.16, Thou was left for dead,& ſtoned was wͭ ſtones,
14,& 21. And was thre tymes,in daingere to be dround,
Thou was at Liſtra ſnapped,whil thou ſwound,
In dangere of theues moleſtatione:
And in great trouble,with thoſe of thy natione.

With falſe brethren,in daingers many folde, 2.Cor. 11
Be land be ſea,in cetics not a few;
With nakednes,in hongare thriſt and colde, Act,27.
For all theſe paines,thou ſaid o poſtle trew,
I gloir,in to the croce of Chriſt Ieſu,
And ſtill thou bair,that croce preaching yͤ worde: Gal,6.
Whill for the ſame,thy life loſt by the ſworde.

From age to age,the faithfull loſt their liues,
From reigne till reigne, ſuch mercie did them len, 1.Teſſ.2.
And gat ſuch grace,as did the prematiues,
Vnto this daye,was perſecute ye ken,
How many trwe and faithfull Chriſtiane men?
Of Scotland borne good men and well leuand,
Had then this croce, vpon their backes bearand.

Scatered,with greuous tribulationes,
And hated,for the worde of lucent light,
Throw all cuntrees,realmes and nationes, 1.Cor.4.
With patience ,louing the Lord of might:
With faith and hope ilk one as Chriſtes knight,
Feghting with force againes their foes fell: Gal,5.
I meine,the fleſhe,the worlde,the deuill and hell.

Thy fleſh,may not theſe ſoir aſſaultes gainſtād,
For it is filthie,fragill and indiſcreit,
Except it be well armed,fote and hand,
Proceding,from the inward man and ſpreit: Ephe,6.
With godlie armour,for mannes ſaull moſt meit,
Who wold right arme,a knight yͤ price to winne:
At his ſolretz for ſeuthe he ſhould beginne.

Thy fete muſt be prepaired, and readie ſhood,
And think no ſhame, before princes nor kinges,
Rom.1. For till confeſſe, the trwe Goſpell of God,
Which is the Euãgell, of peace & glaid tythinges:
Ephe.6. That health and life, vnto the faithfull bringes.
Thy breſt muſte bear, the plate of righteouſnes:
And tarie by the trueth, for all diſtres.

The Spirit of God, ſhall the make narratione,
Rom. 8. 1.Teſſ.5. When that thy helme, hath biddin the fyre & paſt,
Eſa.59. That it ſhall ſhine vnto ſaluatione,
Ephe.6. Heb.4. At all tymes thou muſt bind thy bodie faſt,
Apoc.19. With belt of trueth, that euer more ſhall laſt,
Thy two edged ſworde, that no Papiſt may bide,
Shall be Goddes word, that ſheres on ether ſide.

For thy defence, againſt all ire and wraith,
To kepe the dartes, of the deuill vntrewe,
Ephe.6. Bear hie on high, the targe and ſheild of faith,
1.Teſſ.5. Where muſt be written, ẇ lettres freſhe of hewe,
The Teſtamentes, the olde but and the newe,
To quenche and ſlocken, the fyrie dartes fell,
Of Satanas the olde ſeigneoure of hell.

Ephe.2. About thy targe, muſt written be alſo,
I meine at the foure corners ſeuerall,
Per fidem ſaluabitur omnis caro.
With charitie, the mother of vertues all,
That ſurmounteth hope, and faith perpetuall,
Throw this armoure, I make the ſure and plane,
1.Cor.13 Their can no man, be murdreſt hurte nor ſlane.

To the laſt daye, and houre thou may not tire Mat.10.
To bear the croce, and follow Chriſt Jeſu, Marc.8.
To pas and repas, throw this fellone fire, Luk.6.1.
The olde and outward man, for till ſubdew, Collo.3.
And aye rub of his rouſt, to make him new,
Do diligence, to fordge him fote and hand,
To be obeying, at the ſpreittes command.

When thou haſt foghen, wt him on ſindrie wyſe,
And he rebell, yet whil he all be worne,
Beginne a newe to feght, and winne the pryſe, Phill.3.
Which is the crowne of lyfe, is the be forne:
Prepaird for the (o knight) or thou waſt borne. Apo.2.
If thou contenew conſtant to the end, Collo.1.
This armoure ſhall from Satan the defend.

I am aſſured, that mine eyes ſhall ſee,
Amanges the Sainctes, and Angelles glorious,
Thy bodie cled, with immortalitie,
And on thy head an crowne victorious, Phill.3.
In newe Jeruſalem before the Lord thy ſpous,
Where thou ſhall reigne, in liknes euer maire:
To Jeſus Chriſt, the Sonne of God and aire.

FINIS.

Non eſt mortale quod opto.

❧ The Lords Prayer.

OUre Father God,which art in heauẽs gloir,
Thy holie Name be bleſt,for euermoir.
Thy Kingdome come,thy will perpetuallie,
Be done in earth,as is in heauen with the.
Be gratious to vs,good Lord at neid:
Giue vs this day,our foode and dailie breid.
Forgiue our ſinnes,and our wickednes,
As we do them,that doeth vs oppres.
Let vs not fall,into temptatione,
But vs defend,for Chriſtis paſſione.
And ſaue vs Lord,from all maner of ill,
According to thy pleaſure,and thy will.
For ſtrength and might,perteneth onlie to the.
To whom be gloir,and prais eternallie.

So be it.

❧ The 12.articles of our beleif.

I Trow in God,the Father,Lord of all,
That made the earth,and heauen celeſtiall.
And in Chriſt Ieſu,his onlie Sonne moſt ſweit,
Our Lord,conſaued by the holie Spreit.
And of the bliſſed,virgin Marie borne,
By Pilat falſlie iudged,rent and torne.
Crucified dead,ſyne laid in buriall,
Deſcended to the helles,infernall.
From death to lyfe,he roſe on the thrid day,
Aſcended to the heauen,where he alway.

Doeth ſit on the right hand,of God celeſt,
Where bodilie he doeth,remane and reſt.
At the laſt day from thence,ſhal come with ſpeid,
Juſtlie to iudge,the leuing and the deid.

I beleue in the holie Spreſt,
Their is,an Church of God diſcreit.
Of holie ſainctes communione,
And of our ſinnes,remiſſione.
The riſing,of the fleſhe mortall,
And after,lyfe perpetuall.
In this faith,I for euermore,
Will truſt thogh I ſhould die theirfore.

So be it.

¶ The ten Commandementes.

Lift vp your heartes,oppen your eares,
Hard harted people,for till heir,
The word of God,that now appeares,
And his,Commandementes leir.

I am thy God,celeſtiall,
From ſeruitude,deliuered the.
Thou ſhall not haue,therefore at all,
No other goddes,but onelie me.

No image to the,make thou ſhall,
Painted nor carued,curious.
Nor on thy knees,before them fall,
For I thy Lord,am ielous.

His Holie name,moſt veneꝛable,
Take not in vaine,nor it diſpryſe
For God will hold,theme culpable,
That him blaſphemes,in any wyſe

Sex dayes woꝛk,but on the ſeuen,
Reſt thou,thy ſeꝛuand,and thy beaſt.
For that ylk day,the God of heauen,
Repoſed.and his workes bleſt.

Father and mother,honour aye,
That thou may,long the eaꝛth poſſes
And ſo the gꝛound,to the alway,
Her fꝛutes ſhall yeild,wᵗ gꝛeat Incꝛes.

In couatice,deſire thou noght,
Frome thy nighbour,by thoght nor ſtꝛyfe.
That which is his,or he hath boght,
His beaſt,his ſeꝛuand,nor his wyfe.

Be no man killer,noꝛ homicid,
Adulterar,noꝛ witnes fals.
Be not an thefe,in thoght nor deid,
No ſclandeꝛare,nor lier als.

O Lord:thy woꝛdes,of efficace,
Are cleaꝛer,nor the ſomers day.
Intill our heaꝛtes,Impꝛint thy gꝛace,
After this law,the to obay.

So be it

❧ Grace before dynner.

O Souerane,Lord,Paſtour and heid
Loke and behold,this companguie.
Of thy goodes,ſuffre vs to feid,
And vſe our ſelues,ſoberlie.
Without exceſſe,or glouttonie,
For who that doeth,the fear and dreid.
Thou takes thought,on them dailie,
Their bodies,for to cleith and feid.

So be it.

❧ Grace after dynner.

O Lord that gaue,vs in command,
To take no thoght,for the nixt daye.
For this,that we do vnderſtand,
Thou feidis vs,we prayſe,the aye.
Since it hath pleaſed,the alwaye,
With meat and drinke,to feid our fleſhe.
So with the bread of lyfe,we praye,
Thou will our ſinfull,ſoules refreſhe.

So be it.

❧ The Pellicane figuring Ieſus Chriſt.

The Pellicane,of the foreſt celeſt,
Amonges his workes,notable and new,
After the heauen,the Angelles,and the reſt.

He made his birdes, of diuers ſindrie hew.
Allone them left, and ſine away he flewe,
And gaue them, their frewill and libertie,
In to the foreſt of Parradice to be.
Where that the tre of lyfe, it grew and ſtude,
Set by the Pellicane, of humilitie.
To ſaue his birdes, that ſpared not his blud.

But as they ſang, ſweit and melodious,
Into that wood, as pleſand nightingailles,
A fouler falſe: vgſume and odious.
Their with his nettes and girnes ſoir aſſailles:
Syne banciſt them, the gairdings & the vailles,
Becauſe till ouer high frute, they did pretend,
To wilſome vailles & dailles, thē were they ſend,
Where they remaned, long in ſeruitude,
Abiding the Pellicane their mis for till amend.
To ſaue his birdes, that ſpared not his blude.

Down from the wood of Angelles bright & cleir,
This Pellicane for loue, did ſwiftlie flie,
Where he fand Rawens, did his ſmal birdes, deir.
And ſhed his blood, in ſtreimes crwellie.
Withoutten reuth, this Pellicane, they gart die,
Denud of mercie, they did him rug and ryue,
With patience to death, he thoild them driue.
His faltles fleſhe, becauſe their was no fude,
Nor medicicine, could ſaue his birdes lyue.
Whill from his tendre heart, they reft his blud.

The Rauens, at the Iewes full of feid,

Uniuſtlie put,this Pellicane to deid.
Which doeth betoken,Chriſt both God and man,
The birdes,are the creatures humane.
The fals fouler,the laithlie ſerpent rude,
That gart miſknow,the heauenlie Pellicane.
To ſaue his birdes,that ſpared not his blude.

O Ieſu Chriſt,my Lord ſo ſweit,
That for me,vile ſinner indigne,
Thou ſuffred,from the heid to feit.
Thy bodie,for till ſcorge and ding.
Thy face ouerſpred,with foull ſpitting,
In to deriſione,with great ſkorne,
Syne on thy head,did thruſt and thring.
An kene and crwell,pricking thorne.

To ſaue me ſinner,full of vice,
Thou was,the obligatione,
Thou made the contract,and the price.
That thou ſhould,ſuffre paſſione.
To ſaue me,frome dampnatione,
That was prepared,for Adames ſeid,
Frome hell,vnto ſaluatione.
Thou boght me,with thy pretious deid.

I know,Ieſus thy patience,
Hath borne,my great fragilitie,
My ſinnes,eik and my offence.
Thou bure them,to the death with the.
Since thou hes borne ſuche loue to me,

and ſuffred haſt ſuch paines fell,
To ſlay,my death and miſerie,
That ſpared not,to die thy ſell

Lord I the pray,with heart and minde,
Lay not to me,my ſinfulnes,
Sith thou haſt bene,to me ſo kinde.
And tholid hes,ſo great diſtreſſe.
The vinagre,and bitternes,
The ſcourges,ſkornes,and the ſtrife,
Mot fil me,with the great ſweitneſſe.
Of peace,and euerlaſting lyfe.

Thy holie death,ſurmount and ſlaye,
The dolent dead,now of my ſaull,
Thy pretious blood,mot weſhe awaye,
My vncleinnes,and vices all.
The ſufflettes,ſuffred in the haull:
The bandes,that band thy handes and feit,
Mot breck now and perpetuall:
That bandes of ſinne,that hurtes my ſpreit.

The nailles,and the crown of thorne,
The ſpitting:the ſtrokes and the ſpeir,
The noddes,the ſhamefull death and ſkorne:
The wicked wordes,that thou did heir,
The heauie croce,that thou did beir.
The tormentes,of thy death crewell,
Mot draw my ſoule,to the full neir:
And ſaue me,frome the paines of hell.
Lord,thy glorificatione,

Mot clenge, my ſoule and my bodie,
And in the reſurrectione:
Reforme my great iniquitie,
Sen I am figurat to the,
That aye ſhall regne perpetuum,
An leuand God, in perſones thre:
In world of worldes for to cum.

Ane Ballad of the ſpirituall: and carnall vnderſtanding of Chriſtes wordes, This is my bodie and blood, &c. Iohn. 6.

ALone muſing, as I forthe went,
In ſuddane ſlepe, did me aſſaye,
I thoght my ſpirit, was frome me rent:
Vpon the ground, where as I laye.
I heard an voyce breck forthe and ſaye:
Take holie Scripture ſpirituall,
The letter leadeth to dekaye,
The fleſhe profytetes nothing at all.

In the ſext of Iohne, Chriſt doeth ſaye,
The verray bread, of lyf am I:
I came frome heauen, I am the waye,
Mankind to ſaue, throw faith onelie,
Ye can not come to me trwelie,
Except my father do you call,
I am in him, and he in me:
The fleſhe profytetes nothing at all.

Your fathers, in the wildernes,
They eat Manna, and yet are deid,

After an other kinde expres:
Forſuthe I am the leuing breid,
Come down from heauen in to this ſteid,
I am the bread celeſtiall
My word throw faith,it doeth you feid,
The fleſhe proffeites nothing at all.

Auguſt. in ſermone ad infantes.

Except ye eat,beleue and trow,
In my bodie,and drink my blude,
I ſay ye haue,no lyfe in yow,
For my bodie,is verray fude:
Right ſo is drink,I you conclude,
My bloode,and take it ſpirituall,
For carnallie,no man can dude:
The fleſhe proffeites nothing at all.

Except ye eat,ye haue no lyfe,
My fleſhe,and drink my blood he ſaid,
But then amonges them,grew ſuch ſtryfe,
That ſome went back,and was affraid:
And carnallie,his wordes wraid,
Untill their mindes ſenſuall:
And frome the faith,they ſtill dekaid,
The fleſhe proffeites nothing at all.

The Diſciples murmurred amang,
How can this man,his fleſhe vs giue,
But Chriſt knowing,their thoghtes wrang:
Saying,wherefore ſhould this you greiue,
All thogh the Sonne of man,ſhould meiue:

To his glorie celeſtiall,
The ſpirit quicknieth,throw trwe beleue,
The fleſhe proffeitz nothing at all.

Saint Auguſtine,writing full plane,
Againſt Adamant trwelie,
How the Lord douted not to ſane:
This is my blood,and my bodie,
When that he gaue,to his meinzie:
The ſigne of his bodie corporall,
To kepe his death in memorie:
The fleſhe proffeites nothing at all.

Auguſt. contra Adamantum.

Als in an preface,doeth he ſaye,
Where Chriſt,did him ſelf admit:
To his mandie on thureſdaye,
Saying,take you,now all and eat:
The holie figure,of me compleit,
And of my death memoriall,
My token trwe and promeſſe ſweit,
The fleſhe proffeites nothing at all.

This fleſhe ye ſe,ye ſhall not eat;
Nor drinck the blood,ſhed forth of me,
My Sacrament,is drinck and meat,
That fedes,the inwarde man trwelie,
Not for thy teith,nor thy bellie:
I am no meat materiall,
Beleue and thou hes eatten me,
The fleſhe proffeites nothing at all.

Moſt gratious God illuminat,
Our wittes waik and impotent,
Increſſe our faith, ſo fatigat:
Make worde and deid equiualent,
Our ſinnes vyle, for to repent:
And lead our liues more ſpirituall,
According to thy teſtament,
Which is the fleſhe, that profeites all.

Ane Ballade, vpon the prayer or oriſone of Manaſſes King of Iuda, when he was led preſoner and captiue in Babilone, 2. Cron. 33.

VIth teares great, I ſigh and Sob,
Bewaling my natiuitie,
O God of Abram, and Jacob,
I make my woful plainte to the:
Bound foote and hand, with an cheinze,
As an ſlaue, mocked and diſpiſt:
In preſone and captiuitie,
Soulzeit with the vncircumciſt.

Thou Lord that made: the heauen on hight,
The earth, with all her inſtrumentes,
Thou made alſo, the daye and night,
The Sunne, the Monne reſplendiſentes,
The fyre, the aire, the elementes,
Thy worde, o Lord, and thy command:
Hath gart the heauenlie ornamentes,
In till their curſe, and ordour ſtand.

The rageing ſea,depe and profound,
By thy vertue,which doeth excell,
Whoſe weltering walles,furibound,
Dare not attoure,their brymmes ſwell:
Their bodumis furius and fell,
Of whirling waters,ſtif and ſtark:
The Lord hath cloſed vp him ſell,
And ſeald them,with his ſeall and mark

O fearfull God,who may withſtand,
Thy feruent Ire,in any caſe
No ſinner on the earth leuand:
Thy furie,may abide allace,
For none are iuſt,before thy face,
But all are ſinners yong and old:
All are denude,and bare of grace,
And to the Deuill:and hell are ſold

I grant thou art,the Lord abone,
Of Iacob,Abram and Iſac
That ſinned not,as I haue done:
Nor thy commandementes brak,
But I ſinner,ſleuthfull and ſlack,
For breking thy law:and command,
Hes heaped mo ſinnes on my back:
Nor is in nombre,all the ſand.

I haue prouoked thy Ire allace,
My pride and my Iniquite.
Hes wroght great ill before thy face:
I know their is no health in me,

I grant I am puneiſt trewlie,
And worthie of the whip and rod:
Becauſe in my proſperitie,
I wold not know, the Lord my God.

My great abhominatione,
That day and night hath done incres,
Hes bene the iuſt occaſione,
Of all my wo and heauines,
I haue ſinned I do confes:
Right greuouſlie aganes the Lord,
Let not my ſinne and wickednes:
Stop the to be miſericord.

Yet thou haſt in remembrance,
Thy promeſſe, and thy holie aith:
The man, that is of repentance,
To puniſhe him, thou art right laith,
Thogh thou be angrie in thy wraith:
Thou art ſone pacified we ken,
When that we call, to the in faith,
For all, the wickednes of men.

Thogh we ſinners deſerue iuſtlie,
Dampnatione death and helles fyre,
Yet for rewarde, thy great mercie,
Hes pacified thy wraith and ire:
And promeſt hes thy high impire,
Frelie, to all that will conuart,
For thou doeſt not of vs require:
Except an trewe and faithfull hart.

For thy goodnes, no more conſidder,
My filthie ſinnes, night nor daye,
But wipe them, all awaye to gidder:
Sith that I do, repent and praye,
I know thou caſtes not awaye,
No wight that will on the depend,
Nor willis nor their death no waye:
But wold that they ſhould leaue and mend.

With knees of my heart contreit,
I kneill full law, before thy grace:
With teares diſtilling, that I greit,
I weſhe my bailfull blaickned face,
O Good Lord, hear me in this caice,
And grant me my petitione:
And for my ſinnes, not me chaice,
But gif me full remiſſione.

Now ſaue me Lord, ſince that I praye,
Saue me, o God, omnipotent:
And I ſhall loif the, night and daye,
Whill that my lyfe, away be ſpent:
For all the vertues parmanent,
Of heauen, the Angelles all and ſome:
They prayſe the, as moſt excellent,
In world of worldles for to come.

☞ An Ballade, againſt the foull and deteſtable vice of dronckinneſſe.

ALl fordouered, half dronckin after drinck:
In an chalmer allone, where as I laye,
Appeared ſuddainlie, as I did think,
Ould father Noye, cled in an nyce arraye:
Shaikand his beird, with a ſteirne voyce did ſaye
Of all ſinnes exceſſe, is principall:
Pro.31. And bringes the bodie ſoneſt to dekaye,
Throw droncknes, the mother of vices all.

I was the firſt, that wine did plant or preſſe,
Thinking to be, his maſter and his gyde;
Gen.9. But he deceaued me, I the confeſſe:
And of my Sonne, was ſcorned in that tyde,
Becauſe I could not, my own ſecreittes hyde,
I curſed Cham my ſonne, and made him thrall:
Tyll his two brethren, ſeruand till abyde,
Throw droncknes, the mother of vices all.

What thogh I was begild, it was no woder,
I had no counſell, nor experience:
Eccle.31. But thou haſt red, of many ſkoir and hunder,
That vine hes broght till inconuenience:
Thou can not the excuſe, of ignorance,
Thou knowes their beaſtlie end, and brutall fall,
And yet thou followes ſtill, the ſame offence:
Of droncknes, the roote of vices all.

I planted wine, for recreatione,
Of mannes heart and not him to confuſe,
To drincke at tymes, with moderatione,
Ephe.5. The wine is good, and not for to refuſe:

But not as ſome, hes ſurfetlie done vſe,
Away to waught, their wittes naturall:
And with the wyne their braines till abuſe,
Throw droncknes, the mother of vices all.

Thogh wyne in cupe, with cullour chriſtalline:
Appear right cleir, with taiſt mellufluent,
Syne pleaſandlie, down to thy breiſt incline,
I counſell the, bewar and take good tent: Prou. 23.
His ſtong is worſe, nor eddir or ſerpent,
And chaiſſes forth, thy ſecreittes cordiall,
Where wine beareth reull, all reaſon is abſent,
Throw droncknes, the roote of vices all.

The wine, did Lot on ſiche an way moleſt,
That with his daughters twane to him vnkno
With child them gat, and did commit inceſt, (wn
Throw beaſtlines, he did abuſe his own, Gen.
And of that wicked ſeid, the which was ſown,
Sprang vp an people diabolicall,
The Moabittes, and the Ammonites thrown,
Throw droncknes, the ground of vices all.

The mightie King of Aſſyrie Banadab:
Came in battaill with two and threttie Kinges
Accontrare Iſraell, and als the king Achab
But two hundreth and threttie Underlinges:
Of Iſraell their ſeruandes, and their dringes,
Aſſailzeit them, in their exces brutall: (ges
Ouercame them all, and wan their great butin-
In droncknes, the nouris of vices all.

Elath ſometime great King of Iſraell:
By Zambry his ſeruand, thow may reid,

The king ouercome wᵗ wyne that tratour fell:
His maiſter ſlew, ſyne he rang in his ſteid,
2.Samuel.13. Ammon kyng Dauid his ſonne, of royall ſeid,
At one ſhepeſhearing bancket eſtuall:
By Abſolon his brother was broght till deid,
In droncknes, the mother of vices all:

Of all vices, yͤ vice is till abhore:
So might ſay Holifernus lieutenand,
To the awfull king Nabuchodonoſore,
Iudi.13. After his great conqueſtes in euerie land:
Suche pleaſure on an tyme in wine he fand,
That Iudith in his tent, with power ſmall,
Strake of his heid & left him ſtill bledand:
In droncknes the mother of vices all.

Right as an rouſtie canker, will not blin:
1.Cor.6. Whill it conſume the ſteill, all round about,
So doeth exces, an dronckard dig within,
And delwes all reaſone, clene forth of his ſnout:
So when this cankre, yͤ ſteill hath eattin out,
The rouſt is readye, to flite chide & to brall,
Then will he feght thogh he be nothing ſtout:
In droncknes the mother of vices all.

1.Cor.6. Exces is regent, of the ſinnes ſewen:
She is the poole, wherein they row and fleit,
Ephe.5. No dronckard, ſhall haue portioune in yͤ heauen,
But periſhe ſhall, with bellie induſcreit:
Gall.5. Thou ſhuld be rather, filled with the ſpreit,
W ſaid the doctryne, of the poſtle paull:

Neik

Leif ſobirlie, vpone thy browes ſweit,
For dronckenes is mother of vices all.

Stories humane, I could an thouſand ſhaw,
To what effect, for why we haue anew?
Of exemples in Goddes word and law,
The whiche are iuſt, and faithfull ſtories trew: 1.Cor.6.
Into the teſtamentes twane boith old and new,
To ſhaw to the whole world vniuerſall:
The great miſcheif, that daylie doeth inſew,
Through dronckenes, the mother of vices all.

Saying theſe wordes, then he approched narre:
I grant thy youth, hes had ſum part of wite,
But thou art happie, yf thou can be warre,
And leif that wull, and beaſtlie appetite:
In times paſt, where thou was imperfite,
For pennance thou ſhall haue perpetually,
Firſt to forbeir, and ſyne alwaye to write.
Aganes dronckenes, the mother of vices all.

As I awook, he lap awaye full light
For werray fear, I fell in ſuch an extance,
That all the heares of my heid ſtude vp right,
When I ouercome, ſyne had remembrance:
How Noye, had me inioyned ſuche pennance:
Streght way for ink & paper did I call,
And wrait this ryme, denude of eloquence,
Aganes dronckenes, the mother of vices all.

Who maid this ſang, for ſuith I ſhall you tell:
Somtime an brother of Bacchus beaſtlie band,

Yf ye wold know, my name is Noruell,
That serued bacchus boith by ſea and land:
Whill in his ſeruice, ſo litill frute I fand,
That now I am become, his foo mortall,
And ſhall gar abſtnence bind boith foot and hand
Of dronken bacchus, the father of vices all.

Finis

How death doeth anſwer maike and ſend: to them that do him vilipend. Tranſlated forth of frainſhe, by the ſaid Noruell.

Blindit people, fallin in fantaſeis,
Seduced & drouned, in doctrines humane,
Why make ye me, such a pomp and obſequeis?
Sith yͭ your mouthes, ſtill ericrattes my name.
Ye curſe and warie when I your freindes claime:
But when it commes, the diriges to ſing,
The pridfull papiſtes, they do me nothing blame,
Cauſe gold and monie, to them I do inbring.

So by this maner, my pompes ordinair,
Amendeth moir, the leuing nor the deid,
For paynted tombes, torches doole nor cair,
They can not clenge, the ſoull, nor help at neid:
Their is but Chriſtes blode, can make remeid,
By liuelie faith, which purgeth man and wyfe,
And yet but me. whom ye bear ſtill at feid:
Ye can not entre, intil Eternall lyfe.

Thogh I be vglie, vyle and vndeſyred:
Yet am I ordained, by God celeſtiall,
And of the faithfull, rather is requyred,
Nor this inconſtant lyfe, terreſtriall:

Appering ſweit,is more bitter then gall,
The longer lyfe,the mo thy ſinnes eſteme,
It is for lack,of knowledge ſpirituall:
Since I the loue,that doeth me thus blaſpheme.

How ſhall I lufe the,thou loues not thy ſell:
That wold alway,into this world be ſene,
And frome the gloir,ſo long thy ſelf expell,
That Goddes word ,hes promeſt fair and clene,
Thogh thou poſſes the earth,and ſea ſerene:
Beautie,witt,ſtrength,and reſt wout miſcheif,
Truſting the ſecond lyfe,for tyll obteine:
Thou wold me wyſhe,yf thou did ſo beleif.

The poſtle Paull:and prophettes cheritable,
Auguſtine Ambros,and many holie wight,
Whoſe liues to Goddes word,was agreable:
They thruſted after me,both day and night,
Although thy fleſh,do ſtriue aganſt my might,
Yet for the loue,of thy Father celeſt
I ſhall the ſhew,how thou ſhall folow right,
Them that my dart,did neuer yet moleſt.

Pray God onelie ,of his grace the to geue,
That liuelie faith,that Paull hath preched trew,
Thy lyfe ſyne after theme,confirme and leue:
Do deligence,the outward man ſubdew,
Syne glaidlie die,to leue with Chriſt Ieſu
Where thou ſhall regne,with him in ioye cōtent:
So this faith,ſhall the inward man renew,
Although thy fleſhe theirto,will not conſent.

Tiſon is called an fyrebrand.

The ſoule is fire, the bodie an tiſon:
The ſoule is heauenlie, the bodie inutill,
And is but an obſcure, or law preſon,
Where as in langour, lyeth the ſoule gentill:
Of that priſon, I haue key ſubtill,
Which is my dart, that for the ſoule is geuen,
To louſe it out, of that foull preſon vile
Where I it ſend, with mekle ioy to heauen.

Holde fairme thy faith, on an God vndefild,
And for thy father take him, and him call:
Mat. 6. Yf he be ſo, then art thou ſure his child,
And aire of his kingdome Celeſtiall,
Yf he hath fred the, frome death perpetuall:
Rom. 5. Befoir or euer, thou had tyll him regaird,
Dout not, but and thou loue him cordiall,
With mekell better, he ſhall thy ſelfe rewaird.

And as concerning, the fleſhes actione:
It can not liue, without ſinne and delite,
Rom. 6. Nor yet, it can not make ſatiſfactione,
For ſinne to God, wherof it had the wyte:
But right as Jeſus, vpon an croce perfite,
Died for our ſinnes, ſo moſt our fleſhe expire,
And die with Chriſt, yf that we wold be quyte:
Of endles death ſinne, and of Hellis fire.

Who ſtriketh this ſtroke, but death thou knoweſt
So I am to all chriſtians, man and wyfe: (weill
The end of ſinne, beginning of their ſeill,
The end of cair and thoght, moſt pungetyſe,
And the beginning, of euerlaſting lyfe:

Why wold thou Aige: returne to youth againe,
To pas the vaill, of woo and mortall ſtryfe,
Which thou haſt ſcaped, with ſo mekell paine.

Yf thou will ſay. when I come the arreiſt:
That I the do great wrong, and violence,
Saying thou haſt no paine, but ioy and feiſt,
With all delite, withoutten indigence,
I ſay that pleaſure, turnes to impatience:
When it at length, leadeth to dampnatione,
My death is pleaſure, to all hath ſapience,
When ye from death, turne to ſaluation.

What diſpleaſure: haue I here to the named,
To fear my dart, nay nay (I ſay) not ſo:
But for Chriſtis ſake, to ſuffer and be blamed,
To take in patience, truble paine and wo,
The loſſe of goodes: and dignities alſo,
Wanting plsaſurs, that ſomtime thou had ryfe:
So dyeng vnder my dart, to pas them fro.
In place of them, ſhall haue Eternall lyfe

For fear of me, be not contriſt nor wo:
But haue firme hope, and faith for till conforme,
The will of God, and ſyne let gladlie go,
Ryches and freindes, with all theſaures enorme,
For an cleir ſky, betoknes that the ſtorme:,
Will ſone throw the Aire, make ſeperatione (me
Suche faith in perſones, departing doeth perfor=
Sure ſignes and tokens, of their trew ſaluatiōe.

To this effect, thou ſhuld not fear at length:
Jeſus for vs, would firſt the death aſſay,

His death hath venqueſt, my force, might & ſtren-
Theirfore thinke not to dye, thogh I yͤ ſlay: (gth
He me ouercame, to ſaue the frome dekay,
So I am but port: and paſſage manifeſt,
That thou ſhuld gladlie rine, throw night & day.
Frome this fals world ,,to heauenlie gloir celeſt:

Somtyme in figure, as Scriptture declair can
Ane braſin ſerpent, Moyſes did raiſe on hight,
Which ſerpent to behold, did heall anman:
That had bene ſtonged, by fyrie ſerpents ſlight,
Lykewyſe all they, that by trwe faith hes ſight,
Of Chriſtis death, is heiled of my band,
As of the ſecound death, I haue no might,
Chriſt hath that pouer, reſt forthe of my hand.

Great folie is, in the cuſtome humane:
To mourne for men, when I them lay on ſleip,
Yf thou beleues, he ſhall with God remane,
Why doeſt thou then, lament with ſighing depe:
Or would thou here, alway on lyfe him kepe,
Will thou him frome his great profit defend:
Since it is Goddes will, thou ſhuld not wepe,
In doing ſo, I know thou doeſt offend.

Let pagains rore, let turkes take terrours,
That hope to haue, none other habitatione:
The lake of faith, is cauſe of all theare Errours,
Like Eathnaques ignorant, of their ſaluatione,
As to the black Dooles frequentation,
Ipocricie did ſhape, that feyned ſorow, (tione
Some for their father maketh dooll ād deplora-
That for their mother, wold it, weire the morrow

Meſſes of Requiem, and deirges excellis:
To the great profite of prieſtes freirs and clarks
With routing roring, and clinking of bellis,
Their gredines forth ſheweth their wicked wark
For yf ye had no bailzeand to your ſakes,
Be ye aſſured, that after youre deceits,
None of the rabill, that wearzes the markes:
Wyll for you ringe, or ſinge or ſay an veirs.

For the prepair, no ſuche ſolemniteis;
Nor for thy buriall, be thou no wayes triſt:
In Goddes ſight, they are but vaniteis,
Sauitie, doeth not in earth nor tombe cōſiſt
An Faithfull man, ſhall in the heauen be bliſt
Where euer his fleſhe or bodie buried be,
The wickits ſoull, ſhall in the hell be thriſt:
Thogh he were buried, whith all ſolemnitie.

At ſhort to end, now with my firſt purpoſe:
Fear not me death, nor ban me I the pray,
For who wold in the heauenlie Hous repoſe.
Muſt firſt beleue, goddes promeſe I ſaye:
Who wold be with his angelles, nyght & daye
Who wold the face of God, behold and ſe:
And who wold dwell in paradice for aye.
Yet before all I death muſt gar him die.

Confeſſe me to be good and gratious,
For whill I come: thou art with ſinne repleit,
Confeſſe thy lyfe bitter and Eigerous:
Confeſſe my dart, pleſand holſome & ſweit,
Alſo confeſſe and grant althogh thy ſpreit.

Death to

Ware mortall, as thy filthie fleſhe immound:
Yet ſhuld thou hold me as thy freind diſerte,
That draweth the, from thir worldlie paines profound.

FINIS

❧

Here followeth

The Judgment of Minos. Upon the preferment of Alexander the great Conquerout. Hanniball of Carthage, and Scipion the Romain, ſurnamed Affrican.

Tranſlated forth of Frayuce in ſcottes by the ſaide Noruell.

Alexandre.

My vailʒeant heart, full of honor & gloire
May not ſuffre Hãniball to pas before
Me, intill armes and dedes martiall:
For ſuthe I thinke no man ẏ is equall,
Ought in dedes of armes, for to compair:
There worthynes or actis vnto myne.

Hanniball.

I will defende, and manteyne the contrair,
Reporting me, vntill God Mynos ſyne:
Judge infernall, and Lord of wo and pytie,
The aufull ſworde of iuſtice, to mantyne:
Where ryght and reaſon alway ſhalbe ſeyne,
For euerie man alike bothe freind and fone,

Mynos.

That I may heare fyrſt, tell to me anone,
What are ye that diſputis, heare alone:
Of high honours, to haue the aduantage.

Alexandre.

This is the Duke Hanniball, of Carthage,
And I Alexandre the great Empriour,
Of all the world Kyng and Conquerour,
That wan, and ſubdwed euery Natione.

Mynos.

Your names are of great exiſtimatione,
Worthie of honour, glorie and laud ſupreyme:
With lawreit crowned is your diadeyme,
I meruell ye ſhuld, haue debaite togidder

Alexandre.

Bot Mynos I thinke ye ſhuld conſider.

My birth fortune,ſilicitie and werde,
And how I wold,ſuffer no man in erde:
To be my compagnion,nor perregall,
But as the Eigle,that ſuremountis all.
Other foules,moſt higheſt in the aire,
So may no man,him ſelfe to me compaire:
In high curage,and furour bellicall:
Wherefore I will not,that this Hanniball,
Compair him ſelf to me,in were or peace

Mynos.

It is conuenient,an of you ſeiſe:
Whill the other,haue layſer and ſeaſon,
In my preſence,to declair his reaſone.

Hanniball.

O Mynos , forſuthe,I hold the worthie,
Of high renoune,of honour laud and glorie:
That is of law degree,and ſmall puyſſence,
Syne by there vertue,and there excellence.
To conques,honour and name victorious,
In dedes of armes laborious.
As I haue done,with ſmall pouer aud charge,
When that I firſt,departed frome Carthage:
And in Cycell went,with baners braide diſplaid,
Whire I toke with feirs battell,arayde
An Cietie that had,Sarrogoſſe to name
In the which was many an ſeirſe Romaine
Dreuin to death : with many deadlie wounde
And mald their Cietie ,equall with the ground
In feirſe combat, and battell furious
I gart them ſtoup , thogh they were glorious .
It is known , how my notable puyſſance ,
Broght lawe the gloir,and great army of ſtance.

And ſlewe of them many an hundreth ſcoir,
Of me ſhall be remembrance euer moir.
Not onelie for venquiſſinge the Gallicains,
But for my ryuing, of the great mountains:
The high Alpes, and rockes I rent aſundour,
And their great craigges, maſſoned by natour,
Which is the ramfort, of all Italye:
And when I entred, with my great armye,
I gart many an ſtronde and many an floud,
Rinne read aſpait, full of the Romaine bloud:
O Mynos yf ye thinke that this be fals,
For witnes take the Pow and Tyber als:
That oft tymes I chainged, as men may reid,
Their Chriſtall waters, intill collour reid:
Syne attoure their high caſtellis triumphantes;
I paſſed, with my myghtie Elephantes.
To the walles of Rome the narreſt way,
It is reaſon, I compt the great aſſaye.
The harde battailles, and chockes martians,
With my vailȝeand dedes done befoir Cans,
Where I diſtroyed: an hudge quantitie,
Of Romains, and ſlewe their chief nobilitie,
In recorde of my two armes vailȝeant,
And in ſigne, of high honour triumphant,
Of their dead fingers, I gart take ſyne:
Thre punſions full, of gay gold ringes fyne.
And ſend till Carthage, in witnes of my myght,
With the feirſe Romains, þ to dead was dight:
I couered the ground, and earth humeid,
With the carions, and corps of the deid:
On ſuche an wiſe, that I maid air and lait,
Brigges to pas their reuers, rede aſpait.

The whole worlde, me fearde & was agaſt,
Moir nor for tempeſt: haill or thundir blaſt:
I gart all ſhake, & tremble where I went:
All nationes in the world were content,
The title of high honor, me to reſinge,
Yet in my heart, vaingloir did neuer tinge,
As this Alexander, that for occatione,
Of an vncredable, and vaine viſione,
That in the night, appered to his mother,
Sayand that he had, Iupiter to father,
And ſhuld ruell all the world with an rod;
In earth he wold be worſhept as an God.
O Mynos, I am frome an ſmall ſouldioure,
Throw vailȝeandiſe become an conqueroure:
Carthagien, that for hap or miſchance,
That paiſſed all alyke in an ballance.
As it is knowen, to the lande of Affrique,
Durand my dayes, for the weill publique:
Obeyſant at all tymes, I randred me,
For their common welth, both by land & ſe:
With all my hoſt for an ſimple commande,
Concluded ſuddainlie, and toke on hande,
To inwaid Italie the narreſt waye:
Of my ardent curage, what ſhall I ſay?
My great tryumphe, my fame and hardines,
By my vertue, ingyne and hygh proues,
I brocht till end, many an harde battaill:
Aganeſt the myghtieſt, I did preuaill,
With my ſtandardes, & guydons marcyens:
I neuer went aganes the Armynicus,
Nor them of Meid, for they randred them ſell:
For all their armes, tairges and ſperes fell.

They trymbled, dredand my hande victorious.
The moſt ſuperbe, was Romes the orgulous,
With hardye ſouldartes feirs & well fechtand,
Withouttin feare the beſt in all that land:
Had of me, an heauie mortall deluge,
Bot Mynos, as thou art an ryghtious iuge:
The eyes of Alexander, thou ſhould conſidder,
When his father dyed, the realm all to gidder:
Fell in his handis, by ryght of heriditage:
Macidon him receaued, with hygh curage.
Wrapped in fauore, of amiable fortune.
That neuer was, in his actes importune.
I confeſſe, he put many fro there ringes:
And vinqueſt Darius; with many other kynges.
So was he vinqueſt, in his own delytes,
Be immoderat, & foulſome appetytes.
Yf that his father, followed and went:
After God Bacchus, in cheris vinolent:
So did he all, his dayes and neuer ceiſt,
Not like an man, bot dronckin as an beiſt.
Slew he not when he was dronckin, at his table:
Caleſthines, pheloſophre notable:
Becauſe he ſaid, that they ſhuld not exeeirs:
The lawes nor cleathing, of the lande of Peirs;
In me ſuche vices foull and deteſtable:
Myght well be compted, halfe excuſable,
That neuer knewe, the humain diſciplynes:
Of Arreſtotle, nor wholſum doctrynes.
His maiſter that in youthead him conduct,
And abone all otheres daylie him inſtruct:
Arreſtotle him neuer left, as ye may reid,
Whill that he put, the Crown vpone his heid.

Wherefore an man, ſhuld an Duke diſpyſe:
That hath him ſelf, exalted on this wyſe,
Regairding moſt, honour and high prowes:
Nor of all this world the whole ryches:

Mynos.

Decored are thy workes, of excellence:
Alexandre, what ſayeſt thou for thy defence?

Alexandre.

It is not meit, to hold purpoſe or langage,
Aganeſt an man, that is full of outrage.
For my tryumphand gloir, and actis are knowne,
With all nations, and throw the world blowne,
Who will teſtifie, by informatione,
That he ſhuld not haue reputatione,
Aboue me, for to vant or yet compair:
I may not ſuffre, but will defend the contrair.
For know ye Mynos: iudge full of prudence?
That in my youthead, and adoleſcence,
On my head, I bair an crowne inuinſible,
And w the ſherand ſword, toke vẽgance terrible,
On the traytours, that did my father ſla:
And puniſhed euill doers, many ma.
And not content, of the Realme that was myne,
But ſtill conques honour, toke me wo and pyne.
Then with ſtandards, banners & harnes cleir:
Firſt all my nighbours, I gart quaik and feir.
In my furie, I toke the auncient towne,
Of Thebes, and to the earth, I keſt it downe.
And ſubdwed, by my puyſſance royall:
All the cieties, of Achaye and Theſſall.
The Illyriens, in the feild feghtand,
Their cragges knew my ſword was well ſherād:

With aufull terrours, all Grece to me obayed,
By my great puiſſance, was Aſia inwayed,
And Lybie taken, then ouer the Phais I paſt,
Where euer was ſeyne, my ſtandardes at yͤ laſt:
On ſuche an wyſe, thay doubted my puyſſance,
That they come trymbling, whole to my obeyſance
My bailzeand dedes whiche I did exercirs,
I maid them known, to Darius king of Peirs.
Whiche come aganes me, with all his fors.
Of Peirſiens, an hundreth thouſand hors:
And contrare me, come vnder his ſtandardes,
Thre hũdreth thouſãd, foote mẽ hardie ſouldartes
What ſhall I ſay? when we come to ſtraikis fell,
Old Charon: that great ſkypper is of hell.
Had muche ado yͤ daye, to gyde his rother,
To ferrye them fro the one ſyde to the other:
I meyne yͤ ſpiretes, that I doune to him ſend,
Of them that did, aganes me contend.
In aufull battaill I ouercome their fors:
For all their chariottes, and bardid hors.
Aye in the hardeſt preſe feghtand my ſell,
That daye of them I ſend doune to the hell:
Foure ſkoir a thouſande ſoules, in an ſtounde,
And left their bloodie bodyes, on the ground,
Their great ruyne, and woundes corporall:
Are recordes, of my victoures tryumphall.
I will not let, to compt how in myne yre,
I beſieged the bailzeand town of Tyre,
With ſoir aſſaultes, both by ſea and land,
Becaus aganes me, they did withſtand.
I put them all to ſack, and did the cietie rais,
Syne I paſſed, the myghtie mount Caucais,

Till at the laſt, I danted all the world ſo,
Was none theirin, that durſt declair him ſo.
But randred whole vnto my will and mynd,
In witnes Porrus, the mightie kyng of Ind,
How that againes him, I did preuaill:
And maid him preſoner, in ſtrong battaill.
I venqueſt him, for all his gloir and myght:
And maid him thrall, to me boith day and night.
Till at the laſt, I conqueſſed ſo longe,
And cut the hard piller, that Hercules the ſtronge.
Maid in vaine, thinkinge it could not be out paſt,
But breuelie to conclude, you at the laſt.
I rayſſed and conqueſt, all without repoſe,
Vnto the tyme, that crewell Atropoſe,
Ennemie to euery man, on lyfe leuand:
My large power, ſyne toke forth of my hand,
Among the mundaine people terreſtriall,
I was holden, as an God celeſtiall.
My martiall dedes, that was till allowe,
Cauſed all them, fortill beleue and trowe,
That I was of God Iupiter beget,
My vailzeande heart, was prefixt and ſet,
To ſee the whole worlde and it imbrace:
If crewell death, had left me tyme and ſpace.
But yet O Mynos I pray the demande,
Of Hanniball, ſith he doeth me vilipande.
If he thinkes on his ſenſuall delytes:
At Capue, where his amorous appetyttes.
Was moir to Venus, and her ſonne affixt:
Nor euer he was with martiall dedes myxt,
He thoght ſuche ſhame, to leue heir meſerable
That he maid his death, foull and deteſtable:

Willinglie he dranke,the ſurious poyſon fell,
He was homicide,and hangman of him ſell,
Of high honour,forſuthe he was neuer digne,
Aſke of Pruſias,that is of Birthin king:
When Hanniball,was in his glorie maiſt,
That ſainyng kyng,forth of the field him chaiſt,
All the world knowes,how he was thrall,
And ſubiect,to his filthie pleaſures all.
By many faint,and many fals treaſoune,
He vſurped this name,of high renoune.
His actes in ſindri landes I confes:
But what are they,to ſpeike of my proues?
To all the world,it is plane euident
That I thoght all Ytalie,and Occident,
To be of leſſe valour,nor Taſſallie:
Or els I had conqueſt all Ytalie,
Without occicion,ſtrife debait,or preſe:
Unto the myghtie pillers of Herculeſe,
I wold not deinze me for to diſſender,
Allanerlie this high name Alexander.
Maid them all my ſubiectis,for fear and dread,
Wherfore Mynos,beware and take good head:
And not prefarre,his honour before myne.

Scipion.

Haue reſpect O Mynos who is worthy ,ſyne,

Mynos.

What art thou,declair to me thy name?

Scipion.

I am Scipion,ſurnamed Affricain,
An Romaine,of notable experience.

Mynos.

Spacke hardelie,I geue the audience.

Scipion

My heart doeth nether, think nor ſaye yͤ thing,
For to be harde, nor yet till haue lowing:
Throw my actes, my ſelf for to decoire,
Aboue thir vailʒeand knyghtes, to haue gloire,
For it is not vaingloir, that I deſyre:
But hear my life Mynos, I the requyre.
When I was young, & luſtie in my floures,
I deteſted vice, at all tyme and houres.
My heart & mynde, was ſet without daliance,
To ſeke the honour, that vertue doeth auance.
And compted ſcience, to be of valor noght:
Except it were with ardent mynd & thoght,
Inclyned till vertew, and Ciuilite,
Where with I conqueſt, all my nobilite.
But Mynos to conclude, & ſaye the treuth,
I followed ſo vertwe, in my youthe:
That I was called, in my adoleſſance,
And named, of Romains the Eſperance.
When ſindry Senates, had maid an band,
And concluded, for fear to leaf the land,
They were not willing to menteyne the weires,
But I with hygh curage, and yonge of yeires:
Come in the Senat where they all did ſtand,
And ſaid theſe wordes, wᵗ drawn ſword in hand.
The noble name, yͤ hygh tryumphe & gloir,
That Romanis wan, of all nationes befoir:
By their hygh prowes, vertwe & Renoune,
Shall it thus ſhamefullie, be caſtin doune:
Who will on that waye, yͤ ſentence declair?
Shall be my ennemye, for euer mair.
Then thay tuke my, wordes for an ſang:

Sayand that the Goddes, for an aduantage,
For their common wealth, that I was to thē ſēd:
Aganeſt their ennemyes them to defend.
They all maruelled, of my audacitie,
In my yonge aige, my high capacitie,
Was cauſe that ouer the great army Romaine,
I was elect and choſſen chief Captaine.
Then with my byrelie banners, tryumphall,
I preiſſed faſt, after this Hanniball,
With litill helpe, ſmall company or myght:
I gart him turne, with ſhame ⁊ take the flyght.
At length, I maid Carthage the opulent,
Serue bound and thrall: to Rome the excellent:
Not withſtanding, all my victoryes,
The Romains fand me, in their conſiſtoryes:
As courtes and readie, at their commaund,
As before, or that I toke the ſword in hand:
For worldlie riches, I cared nothing:
The loue of the people, was my lyking.
To ſhew my vertue, and my ciuilitie,
To yong princes, borne of nobilitie:
When Carthage was wonne, vp ⁊ doune I ſoght,
For all priſoners, and gart them be broght:
Before me, ſaife and ſound without dyrence,
At that tyme. I toke the poete Tyrence:
And captiue to Rome, him broght wͭ many mo,
Till at the laſt, I pleaſed the Romains ſo:
That in plaine Senat, for an conquerour.
They cheiſſed me, and maid me chief Cenſour.
That gart Aſie, and Libie haue remors,
As for Egipt, and Grece, I wan by fors,
Aganeſt them, into my quarrell iuſt:

They knew, yᵗ that my puiſſance was robuſt.
I maid the name of Romains tryumphall,
For to be feard, and dred vniuerſall.
Or els they had, with ſhame taken ẏ flight:
And forſaken the land, for all their myght,
I raiſed the name of Romains, to auance,
In Spaynge an fair cictie, named Nunance.
It were to long, O Mynos to rehearſe,
My noble actes, that are put in veirſe,
My ennimies fand me, neuer agaſt,
Nor yet my freindes: but humble and ſhamfaſt.
I know ſence thou haſt ẏ electtione.
Thy iudgement, to be without affectione.
Yet I aduertiſe the in peace nor weir,
I neuer muſed me, to conques geir,
At all tymes, my hand was ſo liberall,
That I neuer hurded treaſure pecuniall.
As was geuin, the Romains to vnderſtand,
After my death no worldlie good they fand.
Of gold nor treaſure within my boundes,
Except of ſiluer foureſkoir of poundes:
For the myghtie Goddes, that are immortall,
With grace me indewed, ſupernaturall:
In my weirs, I hated vice and creweltie,
I ſet vp iuſtice, and ciuilitie.
The furie of Bacchus, I did refuſe,
With all the dulce pleaſures, of ſweit Venuſe,
Who are ennimyes, at all tymes and hours,
To all bailȝeand, and noble Conquerours.
I ſay not this, my ſelf for to promote:
And wold be laith, their honour for till blote,
But will defend, vnto the day of dome,

The honour,and the worthynes of Rome.
Mynos ye knowe.the Romains do excell,
All nations,better then my tongue can tell.

The ſentence of Mynos.

Your martiall dedes,with paines night ⁊ daye,
Are broght to ende,with many hard aſſay.
I ſay that all conqueſtes vnder the ſonne,
Oght with reaſone,and vertue to be wonne,
So Scipion is worthie,that did eſchewe,
All kynd of vice,and followed vertue:
The high tytle,of honour pretious,
Before you two,that were ſo vitious,
Wherefore we iudge,Scipion to proceid,
And Alexandre:Hanniball to exceid,
And yf ye thinke,our ſentence importune,
It is to you two,to aſke of fortune,
That fand her at all tymes,ſo fauourable,
To fulfill your luſtes,inſaciable:
That ſtill without repoſe,ye thoght it good,
To ſhed and ſpill,the innocentes blood:
Without propoſe,the world to moleſt,
Where vertue failes,reaſon may not reſt.

FINIS

BY ME,ROBERT NORUEL

Non eſt mortale quod opto

❧ Verba mea auribus percipe

Pſalmus 5

Vnto the wordes, that I ſhall ſay,
If it may pleis the, len thy eare,
To know the ſore ſighes and fear:
Of my poore hart, with nyght and day,
Lord I the pray.
To hear the voce, and zeill ardent,
Of my diſtres, my God and King:
My ſupplicatione, I reſing.
Onlie to the, and my intent
I do preſent.
Befoir the day, in euerie place:
To hear me, yf thy pleſure be,
Ilk morning, prayand ryght airlie.
To heauen heuand, vp my face,
Abydand grace.
Thou art the, ryghteous God bening,
Thou loueſt not, an double man,
For euill doers, neuer can:
Haue reſidence into thy ring.
Nor abiding.
Who folehardie and wicked bene,
That pleaſure takes, for till offend,
Ar odius, that will not amend:
For ſuch befoir the Lordis eine,
Dar not be ſeine.
Thy fearfull yre, ſhall make agaſt,
Liears, trumpours, and homicides,
All ſuche wirkers, of wicked dedes.
The Lord that reules all, at laſt:
Shall them outcaſt.

But all thy,lawes I ſhall leir,
Both heart and mynd,I ſhall prepair,
Till honour the,for euer mair:
Into thy houſe,with heart inteir,
Under thy feaer.
Lord my God,guyde me and conuoye,
For thy goodnes,I the demand,
Forth of my ennimies hand:
And me conduct,boith night and day,
In thy right way.
No trueth is in their mouth,nor halſe,
Their heart,is couerd vnder cure,
Their throt,an oppen ſepulchure:
Full of falſhead,and flattrie falſe,
Their tonge is alſe.
Lord,let them be put vnto ſack,
That whatſoeuer,they take on hand,
Be them aganis,and them gainſtand.
For contrair the,they vndertak,
Put them abak
Thy choſen,with magnificence,
Shall aye reioyſe,and hope in the,
For they,ſhall euer bliſſed be:
That takes thy ſhield,for their defence,
With patience.
The giftes of the Lord,are large,
Unto the iuſt:O Sauiour,
Thou couers them,with thy fauour.
For who,will them aſſaill or charge,
Thou art their targe.

Finis

❧ The excuſation of the maker, to the reader togidder with the makers direction to his good Lord and maiſter, my Lord Earle of Argyle.

❧ Non eſt mortale quod opto.

NOw art thou lytle volume, broght to end,
Thogh thou be voyd, of eloquence and bare,
Thy ſuthfaſt ſcience, on Goddis word dois depēd
As thy cotations, right clearlie dois declaire,
Go ſearche the ſcriptures, ād ye ſhall fīd all their,
That I haue writen, it may be trid and kend:
For welfair, of the commoun populair.

If I had treated, of facttes bellicall,
Of heauenlie motions, or of Aſtronimie,
Or how that men in loue, bene bound & thrall,
And ſubiect, to his ſoueraine fair laidie:
I could haue showne, many trim ſtoreis,
That wolde haue pleaſed, perſons mundiall,
Hauing delite, into ſuche vanities.

But thou ſmall work, cōcernes not the fleſhe,
For I the wroght, for till inſtruct mannes ſpreit;
With diligence theirfore, ſe thou diſpeſhe,
To ſpirituall men, of concience diſcreit.
For carnall men, thou art not for them meit,
To goſtlie men, thou ſhalbe found right freſhe:
And in their mouthes, right delicat and ſweit.

Haſt the theirfore, with detfull deligence,
To euerie perſon thou findes ſpirituall,
And homage make, to them and reuerence,
But I command the, thou pas firſt of all:

To the Erle of Argyle, in ſpeciall,
For whoſe cauſe, I wrote this ſure ſentence:
Throw hearing, of his Godlie gouernall.

Submit my humble ſeruice, day and night,
Untill his Lordſhipe, whill my lyfe may dure,
With all my force, my power ſtrength & might.
At foote and hand, with heart and beſy cure:
By ſea or land, where euer he liſt to ſure,
As it becommes, my ſymplenes of right,
Shew him, that I ſhall die his ſeruiture.

And now farewell, ye gentill readeris all:
Farewell all ye, that be profeſſours trwe,
Of God, the Fatheres word celeſtiall.
And of his Sonne, our ſoueraine Chriſt Ieſwe:
In whome all grace, till vs poore ſeruādes grwe.
And ſaued vs, from death perpetuall,
Farewell all faithfull, I ſay no moir adew.

Noruelles Newyeres gyft, to the Archeris of the gard. when he was preſoner at Paris in the baſtillie. 1555.

TO all the Archeris, of the ſcottis gard,
I wyſhe health: honour and proſperitie,
If that I ſhuld ſeke them, trewlie to reward:
Throw Scotland, Englande, France, & Ytalie:
Spayne, Portingaill, Yrelande, & Almanie,
Turkie, Trace, Medois, and the Moirs of Ynde:
Syne rake hell, and the bodum of the ſe,
I could not find ſo many, ſo vnkynde.

Finis quod Noruell.

Norvell. N.

For ignorance, for pleaſure and delite,
For fals doctrine, that doeth all men confuſe, 1.Cor.14
For gluttonnie, and beaſtlie appetite,
For them, why haſt thou done thy ſelf abuſe,
Note how ignorance, doeth no man excuſe,
Ther is no way, ſince thou art ſo infect: Ephes.2.
But onelie Chriſt, the ſpouſe of his elect.

An ſpouſe, and that full of benignitie
Not looking, on my lyfe luxurious, Psal.45.
That for my lufe, hathe ſuffred death for me,
His dead, hathe venqueſt death moſt furious, Ephe.5.
And ſhewn him ſelf, an louer curious,
His grace: and mercie moſt miſericord:
Hathe made my peace, & pointemēt with ẏ Lord. Gal.4.

Right as thou art, my loue and Lord of bliſſe, 1.Cor.1.
My Sauiour and God omnipotent,
Let thy ſweit mercie, me imbrace and kiſſe,
On ſuch an wiſe: that in my heart thou prent, Ephe.2.
Thy holie ſpreit, thy Law and Teſtament, Joh.14.
And pardone me, where I haue done rebell:
I come for loue, and not for fear of hell. Eccle.13.

Dulce Lord ſweit ſpouſe, take on me thoght and
Shewe me ẏ waye, ẏ leades me moſt euen, (cure, Iacob.2
Giue me the knawledge, of thy trewe Scripture,
In ſic diſpair, my ſinnes hathe me dreuen:
That but thy grace, I can not come to heauen.
Arme me with faith, the ſpringing ſtreame & well
That I may venques the fleſhe, the Deuill & hell. Rom.18

Or thou do faill, to them that thou doeſt loue,
Mat.17. Where faith is great, as grane of muſtard ſeid,
The earth ſhall faill, ſo ſhall the heauen aboue,
Rom. 5. I knowe thy mercie, doeth right farre exceid:
All my offence, my ſinne and wicked deid.
Ioh.17. And ſince thou haſt, thy loue vpon me ſet,
O Lord, I knowe, thou will not me forget

Which maketh me, cry (on hight) away deſpair,
Epheſ.2 That ſo long tyme, haith done moleſt my minde,
Col.1. Sith Chriſt is ſo benigne, bothe late and aire:
Moued with pietie, he will not be vnkinde,
1.Ioh.4 For to forgeue, his nature is inclinde.
Ioh.5. For his great mercie, as wrytes cunning clerkes,
Eſa. 34. Doeth farre tranſcend, aboue his godlie werkes.

Ephe.2. For our ſinnes, Lord, we grant thy celſitude
Of thy mere mercie. and ſpeciall grace,
Heb.9,& Frelie thou wiſhe awaye, with thy ſweit bloode,
10. The whole iniquitie, that came of Adames race,
Rom. 5. And meaſed thy Fathers wrathe, in to that cace:
Where he ſtude, right glaidlie well content,
Col.1. With that one offring, that thou did him preſent.

Gal.3. Becauſe we could not wirke, the Fathers will,
We were ſubdewed, to dampnatione,
Of death and hell, whill Chriſt did it fulfill,
Ephe.1. And ſhed his pretious blood, for our ſaluatione,
1.Ioh 3. Which is our health, our lyfe and our purgatione,
Heb.9. We knewe their is, no clengeing to conclude,
But our purgatione, by Chriſtes death ⁊ bloode.

No purgatione, is named euen nor od,
In holie Scripture, Goddes word of veritie,
But onelie Jeſus Chriſt, the Sonne of God,
Hathe purged vs, of our iniquitie, Heb. 1.
Where we were boũd, ẏ Lord hathe made vs fre,
From hell, from deathe and euerlaſting pane: Sapi. 7.
And vs reſtored haith, to lyfe agane.

It is no meruell, thogh our hearttes be ſorie,
Sith we haue through our ſlouth, and negligẽce,
Beleued to haue, an other purgatorie, In libro ſententiarum.
When from this vaill of wo, that we ſhall hence,
As written is, in the booke of Sentence,
That we ſhall to, an certane tyme returne:
And many hundreth yeres, theirin till burne.

And ſhall not come to bliſſe, nor ſe the heauen,
But their till cry, till fry, till gloure and gaip,
Whil for iche ſinne, we haue burnt yeres ſeuaen, Idem
And no maner of waye, for till eſchaip,
But by the Meſſe, and paſſions of the paip,
If this be trwe, as they haue preached plane,
Thẽ Chriſt hathe ſhed: his precious blood in vane.

The Father doeth, no ſatiſfactione knawe,
Nor no ſic vane, conſaittes canonicall, Pſal. 40
But by his Sonne, that hath fulfilled the Lawe,
And ſatiſfied, the Father ones for all,
By offring of his bodie naturall. Heb. 9. & 10.
Upon the croce, for vs ſinners to die:
Whoſe death and paſſione, made vs captiues fre. Ephe. 5.

Rom.7. Where we were dead in ſinne,and did remane,
And was condempned,after Moyſes Law,
Gal.3. Yet hathe his death,vs broght on liue agane,
Heb.2,9 And ſhewes to vs ẏ yock, that we ſhould drawe,
The word of God,ẏ which doeth planelie ſhawe,
1.Cor.15 How we are onelie,by Chriſt all iuſtified.
1.Tim.2 And by his riſing are alſo glorified.

Wherefore great cauſe we haue,to be content,
Though for thy ſake,we ſuffre wo and pyne,
Sith we are perteners,of thy Teſtament,
Esa.49. Of thy promeſſe,and of thy word deuyne,
As Iſai ſaith,in the fourtie and nyne,
May any mother,ſuffre hir eyes beforne?
Hir ſonne to pereſhe,of hir bodie borne.

And though ſhe do,forget hir childe ſo deir,
Idem. Yet all the flock,that will on me depend,
I ſhall not them forget, I to you ſweir,
And when my people,haue done me offend,
By the contrair, I [illegible] them to amend.
Come ſaith Chriſt,who will their ſinnes cōſidder:
Ezec.18. That I may giue them, life and health to gidder.

Come with innocence, though ye ſhuld be ſlaine,
Gen.4, Come to me,for I am ane rightious iudge,
7,19,22. I am iuſt Abell, I am not wicked Caine,
Come to my arke,and ſeke at me refuge,
For I am Noye,and the ſecond deluge,
Come to me in faith,as did Abraham,
And Iſaac,that ſignified the lam.

Haue puiſſance,to entre my heart withinne,
Whoſe dregges hath done,ẏ whole world delude,
Which is but draffe,and ſatlinges full of ſinne:
The Lordes word and promeſſe,is my fude, Joh.6.
He hath me fed,in faith with fleſhe and blude.
He is the bread of life,the which ſhall geue,
Pardon of ſinne,to all that will beleue.

He is the Sacrament:and lambe Paſchall,
That ones for all, hath made ane offring: Leuit.18
His precious bloode,hath ranſoned vs all, Deut,21. Pſal.40
He was for vs curſt:and on an croce did hing: Heb.2.
That curſe till vs,he chainged in bleſſing. Gal.3.
And to ſaue his elect,for verye loue,
He gaue him ſelfe,to death for their behoue.

And from the dead,to life he roiſe againe,
In to his naturall bodie ſenſible, Joh.21.
Syne to his Apoſtles appeared plaine,
That they might all ſee,his bodie viſible, Mar.16.
Syne to his Father,that is inuiſible,
He aſcended from them,thogh they did murne:
And promeſt,at the laſt daye for to returne. Act.1.

In that ſame bodie,that he roſe from deid,
Which bodie,doeth remane in heauen alwaye,
And ſitteth on Godds right hand,as ſaith ẏ creid, Heb.10.
And ſhall not ſteir,nor moue,as Paull doeth ſaye,
Whill the laſt trompet ſound,at domeſdaye,
If it ſo be,fleſhe nor eye corruptable?
May not him ſe,which is vncorruptable.

Nor yet their is no mouth, nor hand mortall
Nor þ marchantes, thereof thoght they be wraith,
May eat or touche, his bodie naturall,
But all the faithfull, as the Scripture ſaith,
Do eat his fleſhe, and drink his blood in faith,
And till he come, hath left that ordinance:
In ſigne of his death, and our deliuerance.

Malac.1. As for the oblatione, and ſacrifice,
Offred by Chãnons, Mõckes, Prieſtes: & Freris,
Lec.5. For quick, and dead, founded on auarice,
Theit Sacrifice, in Goddes ſight apperis,
As clothe polluted, cum menſtruo mulieris.
Who will not confeſſe, all readie that Chriſt:
1.Ioh.4 Is come in fleſhe he is, ane Antechriſt.

They deny Chriſt, thoſe fals Prophetes propha
Heb.9. Since he is come, bothe dead and buried, (ne,
Gal.2. That will him newlinges, ſlay and kill agane,
The Sacrifice of the olde Law pacified:
Rom.6. The Father, whill his Sonne was ſacrified.
Heb.10. Which is come, and offred ons for all,
But ſince that he is come, as ſaith ſainct Paull:

And for our ſinnes, hath ſuffred paſſione,
Idem. Seing that he, is riſſin and glorified,
The Father, will no newe oblatione.
He will be now adored, and magnified
Chriſt will no more, for ſinnes be ſacrified,
He will now be loued, feard ſerued and dred:
And will no more, with Sacrifice be fed.

It is onelie thou,o Ieſu Chriſt my Lord,
It is thou,o ſweit Lambe immaculat, 1.Ioh.2.
I pray the Lord,to be miſericord:
And thogh,that I ſhuld be vituperat, 1.Tim.2
Of all my freindes,and excommunicat: Ioh. 16.
Scorged,ſcorned:impriſoned and blamed, Rom.7.
Yet of thy worde ſhall I not be eſchamed.

But I ſhall boldlie ſay,in euerie ſteid,
And confeſſe before men,bothe morne and euen, Act.4.
That their is none other,can giue remeid,
Nor yet none other name,in earth nor heauen: Luc. 20.
That for ſaluatione,is to mankinde geuen, 1.Pet.2.
Nor grace,nor life,that can till vs inſwe,
But onelie,in the name of Chriſt Ieſwe. Act.4.

And yet til al them,that his word doeth mock,
And dailie do,their owne traditiones houlde Mat. 21.
He his an ſtumbling ſtone,and ſnapring block, Pſal. 118
To all that wold entre,in his ſhepe foulde,
By an other way,nor him ſelfe hathe toulde, Ioh. 10.
To them that ſekes,by inuentions ſubtiles:
To ſaue them,by their workes inutiles. Eſa. 28.

Ye that your owne good,intentes eſtemes, Idem.
To ſeke the word of God,that is ſo ſweit,
Ariſe and walk,forthe of your ſliprie dremes,
In ſlepe ye are charged,and may not ſteir, Ephes.5
With heauie burdinges,impoſſible to beir: Mat.23.
So that an greate feburre,moued with heit,
Hath ſurmonted,your ſenſes and yur ſpreit. Eſa.16.

Oſee 9, & 10. Which makes you raiſ, & ſaye ye wait not what,
That Goddes worde, & holie Scripture blames,
In thouſand thinges, againes ẏ trueth God wat,
Awalk, forthe of your filthie dreames infames,
And vſe the counſell, of the Apoſtle Iames:
Iacob.1. Who that hathe faute, of ſapience ſaith he,
Let aſkie of God, which geueth aboundantlie.

To euerie man, and doeth none deceaue,
Ioh.16. Nor yet no kinde of natione, will he lack,
What thing ye aſk, in faith ye ſhall it haue,
Come all that will repent, and be not ſlak,
Mat.9. That he may take the burdinges of your back:
He is our Lord, our Sauiour and Maiſter,
He makes the wound, ſyne ſetteth on the plaiſter.

At his owne pleaſure, and not at our will,
None of vs, are found iuſte, afore his face,
Rom. 9. Our owne nature, can wirke no good but ill
Ephe. 2. If we haue goodnes, it is not of our race:
Nor yet of our ſelues, but by Goddes grace,
By his grace, I which was an oliue wilde:
Rom.11. Is grafted in faith, and become his childe.

Participant of the free oliue faire,
Idem. Where I was before, baſtard and none other,
He hathe me made, his lauchfull ſonne and aire:
Luc.15. And eik partaker, with my eldeſt brother,
Where I had but an concubine to mother,
And come laſt to laubour, in the wyne,
Mat,20. Yet with the firſt, I gat my iuſte propyne.

O Lord

But not as ſome, hes ſurfetlie done vſe,
Away to waught, their wittes naturall:
And with the wyne their braines till abuſe,
Throw droncknes, the mother of vices all.

Thogh wyne in cupe, with cullour chriſtalline:
Appear right cleir, with taiſt mellufluent,
Syne pleaſandlie, down to thy breiſt incline, Prou.
I counſell the, bewar and take good tent: 23.
His ſtong is worſe, nor eddir or ſerpent,
And chaiſſes forth, thy ſecreittes cordiall,
Where wine beareth reull, all reaſon is abſent,
Throw droncknes, the roote of vices all.

The wine, did Lot on ſuche an way moleſt,
That with his daughters twane to him vnkno
With child them gat, and did commit inceſt, (won
Throw beaſtlines, he did abuſe his own, Gen. 19
And of that wicked ſeid, the which was ſown,
Sprang vp an people diabolicall,
The Moabittes, and the Ammonites throwin,
Throw dronckenes, the ground of vices all.

The mightie King of Aſſyrie Banadab:
Came in battaill with two and threttie Kinges
Accontrare Iſraell, and als the king Achab
But two hundreth and threttie Underlinges:
Of Iſraell their ſeruandes, and their dringes,
Aſſailzeit them, in their exces brutall: (ges
Ouercame them all, and wan their great butin-
In dronckenes, the nouris of vices all.

Elath ſometime great King of Iſraell:
By Zambry his ſeruand, thow may reid,

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The king ouercōme ẃ wyne that tratour fell:
His maiſter ſlew, ſyne he rang in his ſteid,
2.Samuel.13. Ammon kyng Dauidis ſonne, of royall ſeid,
At one ſhepeſhearing bancket eſtuall:
By Abſolon his brother was broght till deid,
In dronckness, the mother of vices all:

Of all vices, yͤ vice is till abhore:
So might ſay Holifernus lieutenand,
To the awfull king Nabuchodonoſore,
Iudi.13. After his great conqueſtes in euerie land:
Suche pleaſure on an tyme in wine he fand,
That Iudith in his tent, with power ſmall,
Strake of his heid & left him ſtill bledand:
In dronckness the mother of vices all.

Right as an rouſtie canker, will not blin:
1.Cor.6. Whill it conſume the ſteill, all round about,
So doeth exces, an dronckard dig within,
And delwes all reaſone, clene forth of his ſnout:
So when this cankre, yͤ ſteill hath eattin out,
The rouſt is readye, to ſlite chide & to brall,
Then will he feght thogh he be nothing ſtout:
In droncknes the mother of vices all.

1.Cor.6. Exces is regent, of the ſinnes ſewen:
She is the poole, wherein they row and fleit,
Ephe.5. No dronckard, ſhall haue portioune in yͤ heauen,
But periſhe ſhall, with bellie indiſcreit:
Gall.5. Thou ſhuld be rather, filled with the ſpreit,
A ſaid the doctryne, of the poſtle paull:

Leif ſobirlie, vpone thy browes ſweit,
For droncknes is mother of vices all.

Stories humane, I could an thouſand ſhaw,
To what effect, for why we haue a new?
Of exemples in Goddes word and law,
The whiche are iuſt, and faithfull ſtories trew: 1.Cor.6.
Into the teſtamentes twane boith old and new,
To ſhaw to the whole world vniuerſall:
The great miſcheif, that daylie doeth inſew,
Through droncknes, the mother of vices all.

Saying theſe wordes, then he approched narre:
I grant thy youth, hes had ſompart of wite,
But thou art happie, yf thou can be warre,
And leif that foull, and beaſtlie appetite:
In times paſt, where thou was imperfite,
For pennance thou ſhall haue perpetuall,
Firſt to forbeir, and ſyne alwaye to write.
Aganes droncknes, the mother of vices all.

As I awoik, he lap awaye full light
For werray fear, I fell in ſuch an trance,
That all the heares of my heid ſtude vp right,
When I ouercome, ſyne had remembrance:
How Noye, had me iniuned ſuche pennance:
Streght way for ink & paper did I call,
And wrait this ryme, denude of eloquence,
Aganes droncknes, the mother of vices all.

Who maid this ſang, for ſuith I ſhall you tell:
Somtime an brother of Bacchus beaſtlie band,

Yf ye wold know, my name is Norwell,
That ſerued bacchus boith by ſea and land:
While in his ſeruice, ſo litill frute I fand,
That now I am become, his foo mortall,
And ſhall gar abſtinence bind boith foot and hand
Of dróncken bacchus, the father of vices all.

Finis

How death doeth anſwer maike and ſend: to them that do hym vilipend. Tranſlated forth of frainſhe, by the ſaid Norwell.

BLindit people, fallin in fantaſeis,
Seduced & drouned, in doctrines humane,
Why make ye me, ſuch a pomp and obſiqueis?
Sith yͭ your mouthes, ſtill ericrattes my name.
Ye curſe and warie when I your freindes claime:
But when it commes, the diriges to ſing,
The pridfull papiſtes, they do me nothing blame,
Cauſe gold and monie, to them I do inbring.

So by this maner, my pompes ordinair,
Amendeth moir, the leuing nor the deid,
For paynted tombes, torches doole nor cair,
They can not clenge, the ſoull, nor help at neid:
Their is but Chriſtes blode, can make remeid,
By liuelie faith, which purgeth man and wyfe,
And yet but me. whom ye bear ſtill at feid:
Ye can not entre, intil Eternall lyfe.

Thogh I be vglie, vyle and vndeſyred:
Yet am I ordained, by God celeſtiall,
And of the faithfull, rather is requyred,
Nor this inconſtant lyfe, terreſtriall:

Appering

And ſlewe of them many an hundreth ſcoir,
Of me ſhall be remembrance euer moir.
Not onelie for venquiſſinge the Gallicains,
But for my ryuing, of the great mountains:
The high Alpes, and rockes I rent aſundour,
And their great craigges, maſſoned by natour,
Which is the rainfort, of all Italye:
And when I entred, with my great armye,
I gart many an ſtronde and many an floud,
Rinne read aſpait, full of the Romaine bloud:
O Mynos yf ye thinke that this be fals,
For witnes take the Pow and Tyber als:
That oft tymes I chainged, as men may reid,
Their Chriſtall waters, intill collour reid:
Syne attoure their high caſtellis triumphantes,
I paſſed, with my myghtie Elephantes.
To the walles of Rome the narreſt way,
It is reaſon, I compt the great aſſaye.
The harde battailles, and chockes martians,
With my vailȝeand dedes done befoir Cans,
Where I diſtroyed: a hudge quantitie,
Of Romains, and ſlewe their chief nobilitie,
In recorde of my two armes vailȝeant,
And in ſigne, of high honour triumphant,
Of their dead fingers, I gart take ſyne:
Thre punſions full, of gay gold ringes fyne.
And ſend till Carthage, in witnes of my myght,
With the feirſe Romains, ẏ to dead was dight:
I couered the ground, and earth humeid,
With the carions, and corps of the deid:
On ſuche an wiſe, that I maid air and lait,
Brigges to pas their reuers, rede aſpait.

The whole worlde, me fearde & was agaſt,
Moir nor for tempeſt: haill or thundir blaſt.
I gart all ſhaike, & trimble where I went:
All nationes in the world were content,
The title of high honor, me to reſinge,
Yet in my heart, vaingloir did neuer ringe,
As this Alexander, that for occatione,
Of an vncredable, and vaine viſione,
That in the night, appered to his mother,
Sayand that he had, Iupiter to father,
And ſhuld ruell all the world with an rod:
In earth he wold be worſhept as an God.
O Mynos, I am frome an ſmall ſouldioure,
Throw vallȝeandiſe become an conqueroure:
Carthagien, that for hap or miſchance,
That paiſſed all alyke in an ballance.
As it is knowen, to the lande of Afrique,
Durand my dayes, for the weill publique:
Obeyſant at all tymes, I randred me,
For their common welth, both by land & ſe:
With all my hoſt for an ſimple commande,
Concluded ſuddainlie, and toke on hande,
[illegible] Italie the [illegible] waye:
Of my ardent curage, what ſhall I ſay?
My great tryumphe, my fame and hardines,
By my wertue, ingyne and hygh proues.
I broght till end, many an harde battaill:
Aganeſt the myghtieſt, I did preuaill,
With my ſtandardes, & guydons marcyens:
I neuer went aganes the Armyniens.
Nor them of Meid, for they randred them ſell:
For all their armes, targes and ſperes fell.

They trymbled, dredand my hande wictorious.
The moſt ſuparbe, was Rome the orgulous,
With hardye ſouldartes feirs & well feghtand,
Withouttin feare the beſt in all that land:
Had of me, an heauie mortall deluge,
Bot Mynos, as thou art an ryghtious iuge:
The eyes of Alexander, thou ſhould conſidder,
When his father dyed, the realm all to gidder:
Fell in his handis, by ryght of heriditage:
Macidon him receaued, with hygh curage.
Wrapped in fauore, of amiable fortune.
That neuer was, in his actes inportune.
I confeſſe, he put many fro there ringes:
And vinqueſt Darius: with many other kynges:
So was he vinqueſt, in his own delytes,
Be immoderat, & foulſome appetytes.
Yf that his father, followed and went:
After God Bacchus, in cheris vinolent:
So did he all, his dayes and neuer ceiſt,
Not like an man, bot dronckin as an beiſt.
Slew he not when he was dronckin, at his table?
Caleſthines, pheloſophre notable:
Becauſe he ſaid, that they ſhuld not exceirs:
The lawes nor cleathing, of the lande of Peirs,
In me ſuche vices foull and deteſtable:
Myght well be compted, halfe excuſable,
That neuer knewe, the humain diſciplynes:
Of Arreſtotle, nor wholſum doctrynes.
His maiſter that in youthead him conduct,
And aboue all otheres daylie him inſtruct:
Arreſtotle him neuer left, as ye may reid,
Whill that he put, the Crown vpone his heid.

Wherefore no man, ſhuld an Duke diſpryſe:
That hath him ſelf, exalted on this wyſe.
Regairding moir, honour and high proues:
Nor of all this world the whole ryches:

Mynos.

Decored are thy workes, of excellence:
Alexandre, what ſayeſt thou for thy defence?

Alexandre.

It is not meit, to hold purpoſe or langage,
Aganeſt an man, that is full of outrage.
For my tryumphand gloir, and actis are knowne,
With all nations, and throw the world blowne,
Who will teſtifie, by informatione,
That he ſhuld not haue reputatione,
Aboue me, for to vant or yet compair:
I may not ſuffre, but will defend the contrair.
For know ye Mynos: iudge full of prudence?
That in my youthead, and adoleſcence,
On my head, I bair an crowne inuinſible,
And wͭ the ſherand ſword, toke vẽgance terrible,
On the traytours, that did my father ſla:
And puniſhed euill doers, many ma.
And not content, of the Realme that was myne,
But till conques honour, toke me wo and pyne.
Then with ſtandards, banners & harnes cleir:
Firſt all my nighbours, I gart quaik and feir.
In my furie, I toke the auncient towne,
Of Thebes, and to the earth, I keſt it downe.
And ſubdwed, by my puyſſance royall:
All the cicties, of Achaye and Theſſall.
The Illyriens, in the feild feghtand,
Their cragges knew my ſword was well ſherad:

With